

The RAIL



NEW TESTAMENT

ST. Matthew Chapter 19 Then
Peter addressed Jesus, say-
ing, "Behold we have left all and
followed Thee; what then shall
we have?" And Jesus said to
them, "Amen I say to you that
you who have followed Me, in
the regeneration when the Son
of Man shall sit on the Throne

NEW TESTAMENT

of His glory, shall also sit on
twelve thrones, judging the twelve
tribes of Israel. And everyone who
has left house, or brothers or sisters,
or father, or mother, or wife, or children,
or lands, for My name's sake, shall
receive a hundredfold and
shall possess life everlasting.

MARCH 1946

The Grail

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OUR COVER

We commemorate Vocation Month with a cover designed by Brother Timothy, O.S.B., honoring our faithful Lay Brothers at St. Meinrad. Ranging in age from 89 to 16, they have assembled from many lands to serve God in their brethren. Reading from left to right, starting in front, they are: Brothers Conrad, †Oswald, Rembert, Alphonse, Wendelin, Odilo, Philip, Father Gualbert, Brothers Mark, George, Camillus, Gabriel, Benedict Jos. Second row: Meinrad, Innocent, Raymond, Alexius, Benno, Bartholomew, Joseph, Francis, Herman, Wolfgang, Michael, Fidelis, Kilian. Third row: Donald, Obl. Jerome, Lawrence, Albert, John, Benedict, Robert, Novice Camillus, Timothy, Edward, Thomas, Leo, Obl. Gregory. Fourth row: Placid, Stephen, Simeon, Vincent, Anthony, Augustine, Dennis, David, Boniface, William, James, George, Alexander.

THE GRAIL

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MARY FABYAN WINDEATT

Miss Windeatt is a native Canadian. She was born in Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada; in 1926 she was made an associate of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and received at Mt. St. Vincent College, Halifax, in 1927 the degree of Licentiate of Music. Her family moved to California in 1927. Miss Windeatt entered San Diego State College where she graduated with an A.B. degree in 1934. In New York in 1940 she received the degree of M.A. from Columbia University. There Miss Windeatt lived with her mother until the spring of 1945 when bag and baggage the Windeatts moved to St. Meinrad, Indiana, to occupy the little cottage atop the hill of Monte Cassino, just across the valley from St. Meinrad's Abbey.



The Saints are Fun! BY WALTER SULLIVAN, O.S.B.



ISAT in the middle of a chapel-like study with high church windows through which filtered generously the light as well as the winter wind. An electric heater toasted my face while my back froze to an ancient swivel chair. Empty book cases lined the walls of the room on two sides; a great fireplace which Charles Dickens would have set down in a manorial hall and filled with a roaring fire, extended its cold stone length across the third wall, while poised on the bare mantel a solitary bust of Pope Leo XIII coldly pondered the problems of men. Outside, the hum of Madison Avenue traffic drifted faintly into the room like noise from another world. It was mid-November of 1943, in Mary Reparatrix Retreat House in New York City, and I was outlining my next retreat conference, when softly there came a tap at my door.

A MINUTE later I was sharing the heater with a shivering young lady who had the captivating manners of a little girl asking a favor from her elderly teacher. The lady was Mary Fabyan Windeatt, writer of children's stories, through whose magic pen the little known saints of God come to life for thousands of juvenile readers, and march through her books like the flesh and blood heroes that they are.

It was only later on, after Miss Windeatt's books began to pour from her soul like gifts from the horn of plenty that I realized what a talented person I had met and entertained that frosty morning in the ancient study.



MISS Windeatt's writing career began, I learned later, on Christmas eve of 1934 in New York City when, after futile attempts to obtain work at advertising agencies, she decided to write a novel.

"I had a lot of spare time and no job," explained Miss Windeatt, so I started out to write a very involved story of a married couple who were quite incompatible, and the life of their little son in the midst of much domestic strife. I worked for months on the story, and when I had finished it and rewritten it twice, I took it to a literary agent who was a friend of a friend. Breathlessly I waited for his verdict, for by now I had been a year in New York, and it was time I had something to show for my experience.

"But the agent who certainly meant to be kind, reported that the novel was terrible, that I had absolutely no talent for writing, and that it would be best if I found it out right away."

"That," I interposed, "probably crushed you completely, didn't it?"

Miss Windeatt, who possesses that rare quality of a warrior's soul sheathed in winsome childlikeness, laughed merrily, and continued:

"No, I was not disappointed. I was just mad. I decided to submit the novel to a publishing house. The report came back in due course, and a very nice letter with it, but it seemed that the novel was not my forte. I tried another publisher. This one said: 'I have never seen such good writing with so little thought behind it.'"

"My faith was shaken a bit," admitted Miss Windeatt, and sadly I put the novel aside. It was 99,000 words long. I had written it three times and apparently it was not worth a cent."

Rewriting her ill-fated novel three times must have improved Miss Windeatt's style and given her confidence to brave the reception clerks and editors, and rise above the flood of rejection slips. During this period she sold a few items to Catholic magazines. Sometimes it was a poem for a dollar; once it was a check for 80¢ which she received for a short verse. But the wolf did not get beyond the door, and with the help of a little income at her command she was able to keep on speaking terms with the neighborhood grocer.



THE turning point in Miss Windeatt's writing experience came in the spring of 1935 when she heard for the first time of "The Catholic Writer's Market Guide" edited and published by Mary Hennessy, P. O. Box 109, Brooklyn, New York.

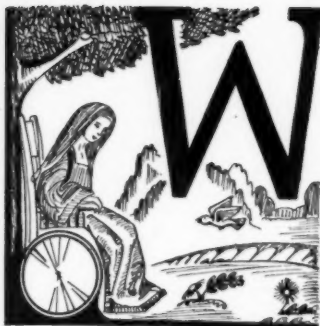
"I decided," continued Miss Windeatt "to send the necessary dollar and see if I couldn't find some new markets. In July of 1935 I sent a poem and article to *The Torch*, a magazine published by the Dominican Fathers in New York City. Shortly a reply came saying that the article wasn't exactly suited to the magazine's needs, but the poem had some good points. *The Torch* would be glad to use it. I was also invited to call at the office some day and meet some of the Fathers on the editorial staff. That very same day I went over to the office of *The Torch*, and shall always be grateful for the kind and sympathetic reception given me."

This literary friendship with the Dominican Fathers was to light up for Miss Windeatt much of the rocky road that characterizes Catholic journalism; in the fall of 1935 she was invited, at the inspiration of some good angel, to start a Children's Department in *The Torch*.

"I was properly thrilled," confessed Miss Windeatt, "but I didn't know anything about writing for children. I felt that I could learn, however, and outlined my first page."

How well she learned to write for children is attested by the fact that *The Children's Hour*, a monthly juvenile feature which first appeared in *The Torch* in January of 1936 under the pen name of Ellen Mortimer, is still successfully conducted by Miss Windeatt under her own name.

As serial stories, in *The Torch*, *Saints in the Sky* and *Lad of Lima*, her first two children's books, captivated juvenile readers and revealed her rare gift to the delighted editors.



WE shall pass over the years spent in free lance writing for Catholic magazines and papers, of her mail box filled with bulky returned manuscripts, rejection slips and small checks. In the summer of 1941 Miss Windeatt left

New York City for a trip to South America. For six weeks she drank in the rich atmosphere of Lima whose streets were sanctified by Saint Rose, Saint Turribius, Saint Francis of Solano, Blessed John Masias, and Blessed Martin de Porres. We like to think that the spirit of the saintly negro, Martin, directed her steps and fired her enthusiasm.

The immediate result of this trip to Peru was the publication in 1942 of *Lad of Lima*, the first book ever written about this great patron of interracial justice, Blessed Martin De Porres. Writing in *The Catholic Library World* of February 1945, Alma Savage has this to say of this most popular book of Miss Windeatt:

"This appealing story of Martin De Porres is perhaps the most important, to date, of Miss Windeatt's nine books. With loving simplicity she tells the story of this negro beatified by the Church; there is Martin's simple trust in prayer, his thoughtfulness for the sick, kindness to stray animals—and through it all, and not the least important, is the healthy attitude toward race felt by the reader. Between the lines one can sense the overpowering lesson in contrasts: the accident of color of the skin versus what is in the heart of man. In producing this effect, Miss Windeatt does not annihilate prejudice, as with an axe; she smothers it with God's love, as does Martin himself. It is especially important that these healthy attitudes toward race should be taught to children in the early grades: probably no direct presentation of such lessons can do what appreciation-through-the-story can accomplish."

It is interesting to note in Miss Windeatt's fan mail a letter from a little girl who writes: "Reading *Lad of Lima* makes me feel like being nice to negroes." Another letter to Miss Windeatt with a British Columbia postmark from a boy of ten, reveals the spiritual appeal of this book to youngsters: "We were Protestants," the lad wrote, "and had no intention of becoming Catholics. But your

book, *The Lad of Lima* set me thinking about matters. My mother thought about things too. We were received into the Church on July 17th. I think that *The Lad of Lima* brought me into the Church." Later correspondence reveals that the young convert plans to become a priest.

Returning from New York in November of 1943 I brought with me an autographed copy of *Lad of Lima*. Arrived in Evansville, where I was stationed at St. Benedict's parish, my first experiment with the magic of Miss Windeatt's narrative style was the reading of the story of Blessed Martin to the children of the third grade. Repeatedly I was halted on the playground with a youngster's excited query: "Are you coming in our room today, Father, and read us the story of Martin?" I was not reading them lurid serials about super-man, full of grisly details for which youngsters have a strange hunger, but, believe it or not, the life of a saint of God. They thought it was fun, and they ate it up.





THINK that this incident reveals the secret of Miss Windeatt's real triumph. She has proved to children as well as adults that the lives of the saints are fun, more real and sweet fun than the insincere highly artificial, screwy, and impossible adventures of the hobgoblins of the comic strips.

Lad of Lima which we have discussed at some length, has enjoyed a popularity not only in English. It has been translated into Spanish and into two South African dialects, Zulu and Susuthu. The Spanish translation, *El Chico de Lima*, was the grateful gesture of a South American gentleman, whose small child was restored to perfect health through the intercession of Blessed Martin De Porres.

To date Miss Windeatt has written nine lives of the saints for children besides the popular *Lad of Lima*, and her horn of plenty still is a-flowing. Of most of these books we shall say nothing in this article.* Miss Windeatt's latest story, *Children of Fatima* dramatizing the appearance of the Blessed Mother to three children of Fatima, Portugal, published shortly before Christmas, bids fair to become more popular than the much talked about *Lad of Lima*.

There is in this last story a healthy injection of the fear of the Lord as presented in the passage where the children of Fatima, Lucia, Francisco, and Jacinta, are shown by vision the sufferings of the damned in hell. Doubtless, modern educators in their anxiety to rid children of all phobias and inhibitions, will be scandalized at this rather naive revelation about hell and the devils, but obviously, Mary, Mother of God, and Seat of Wisdom, doesn't see eye to eye with modern educators.

I recommend this story and the other books of Miss Windeatt not only to children but to adult readers who need in this godless age of ours the refreshing experience of reading about the supernatural in the lives of the saints. Besides the practical devotional impact on the average normal adult of Miss Windeatt's stories, the literary finish of the narratives will delight the reader. For it is the author's peculiar gift to be able to write from a child's point of view without writing down to the juvenile, or insulting the intelligence of the grown-up.

* These books are discussed by Dolores Green in the next article.

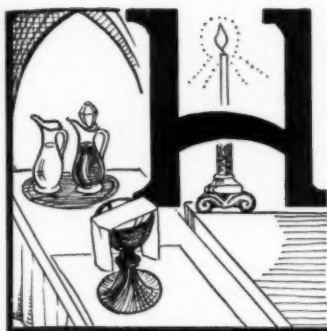
Miss Windeatt's advice to would-be Catholic writers is devoid of all nonsense: She believes that training in writing alone will not be of major importance to the future Catholic author. Of more importance is the need of first living a genuine and ardent Catholic life. Otherwise the novice writer though beautifully equipped with an English style, and a master of grammatical form, will have nothing to say that is of any real significance. Perhaps Miss Windeatt is thinking of the criticism of her own first attempt to write her 99,000 word novel when the publisher said: "I have never seen such good writing with so little thought behind it."

In her correspondence Miss Windeatt finds many inquiries from aspiring Catholic writers: her message to all of them is this: "I am no authority, even after so many years in the field, but I think that a person should always be sure that he has something to say before he starts to write. Too many people begin a story, verse or article, with no real idea of what they want to get across. Secondly, a writer should tell his story in simple, not elaborate style. Humility is a virtue that must be learned, and there is no use in trying to be anything but natural. That's only hypocrisy, and the world had enough of that long ago."



Illustrations from *My Name is Thomas*

Dolores Green



HEAVENLY DAYS!



From *My Name is Thomas*

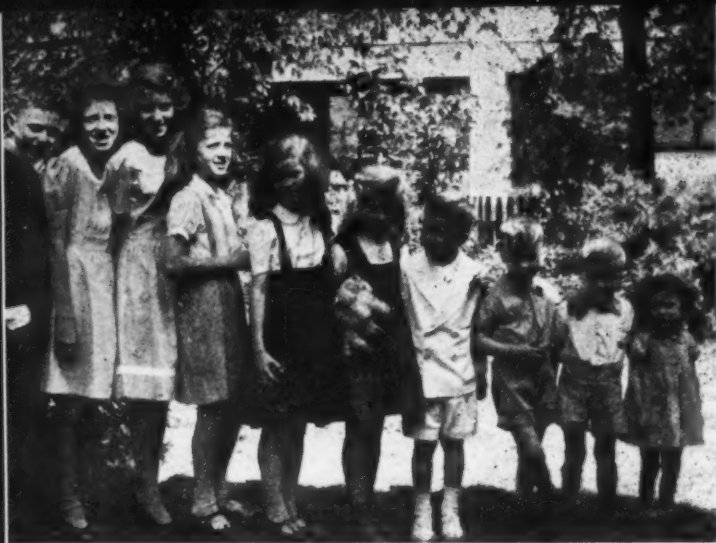
Mrs. Dolores Green of Washington, D. C., is an enthusiastic booster of Mary Fabyan Windeatt's books. In this article she tells us, sometimes in the words of her own children, what pleasure and profit lies between the covers of a child's book.

Heavenly days! That might be Molly's favorite expression but I do not know of a more appropriate title than this for an informal book review of Mary Fabyan Windeatt's biographies of the saints. Literally and figuratively this title holds true. Certainly they were heavenly days when these very human and warm souls trod the earth looking for more ways in which to prove their love of God and man. And it is a fact that these books brought "heavenly days" to ourselves and the children as we settled down for some real thrills in our reading.



Dolores Logan Green

In this review, the children, too, will give their impressions of the volumes



Members of "The Green House" who assisted in the preparation of this article: Joseph, Mary, Cecilia, Bernadette, Agnes, Teresa, Peter, Michael, Patrick, and Jane.

they read. Their opinions are indeed worthy of respect, since these stories were written primarily with the children in mind, though there is nothing embarrassingly juvenile about them. With so much literary tripe fed youngsters today it will be unique to get their reactions to these thoroughly sound but none the less fascinating stories of these real "super" men and women.

The print, pictures and binding of each of these ten volumes are sure to please the most critical. This, definitely, is a set of books which should grace every family's book-shelf.

Angel of the Andes, a charming and realistic story of the life of *St. Rose of Lima* is one guaranteed to hold the interest of both children and adults from start to finish.

"My," said our Bernadette the Sixth Grader upon finishing the book, "you almost feel as if you were a part of the family."

"Why that's just the way I felt when reading the story. What," I asked, "impressed you most?"

Bernadette thought a moment and then pointed to this paragraph:

"If I can't do great deeds, I can try to do little ones well. I can be patient about little troubles and offer them to God the Father in union with those His Son had in this world. That way they will have merit and perhaps I can even save a soul or two."

Bernadette looked very thoughtful. "You know, mother, *St. Rose* was quite a bit like the 'Little Flower' wasn't she? Now that I've read the last of these stories I've discovered that it really isn't

hard to become a saint if we'd only remember about the little things! I'm going to try to help you more and be kinder to the little ones!"

The proof that reading does influence actions was clearly shown in the many obvious attempts of the children to be kinder to one another and in their haste to be obedient.

Hero of the Hills was another exciting adventure for the children into the life and times of *St. Benedict*, the Founder. This was especially interesting to the older children due to their study of the late war. *Monte Cassino* really meant something to them. Because of this the life of *St. Benedict* became at once an historical as well as a thrill-packed story of a very remarkable and holy man.

Benedict heard with sorrow of Justinian's decision. He had never had any use for war. To him, happiness could be attained only through prayer and work, not through the brute force of armies or the pitiful glitter of gold. In the year 535, when the Emperor's victorious legions crossed from north Africa to invade Italy, the Abbot and his monks offered ceaseless prayer that God would avert the approaching catastrophe.

"It's the ordinary people who will suffer most," Benedict told himself. "The plain little families that don't ask for more in life than the chance to make a decent wage and raise their children in peace. Things will go from bad to worse if we have war. Young men will be killed by the thousands. Taxes will rise. Farms will be neglected. Food will be scarce. Everyone will be dreadfully unhappy!" (How like today's holocaust just ended!)

As our Mary Anne so aptly remarked, "Certainly, this is a story for the education to true peace."

Little Peter, our Third Grader, piped up quite enthusiastically after hearing it read, "My, it's really exciting to be a saint, isn't it? I always thought only the martyr saints had things happen to them. But, gee, *St. Benedict* sure was swell!" He probably had in mind the occasions when *St. Benedict* actually saw some devils. Of course, *Benedict* knew what to do with them! And he did! Children love the mysterious, especially when they know it's true.

Little Queen, of course, took the eye of our little Theresa, the Fourth Grader, being the story of the life of the *Little Flower*. Nearly everyone knows

and loves the little saint of Lisieux and thanks again to the skill of the gifted Miss Windeatt, this story takes on added charm and appeal. Our little "book-worm" was simply fascinated. She read the book so attentively that she knew the members of St. Therese's family almost as well as the members of her own.

"Mother, she was such a cute little saint! You know she and I were quite alike. I have her faults, but now I'm going to try to be good in little ways like she did! Do you think she will help me?"

"But, of course, darling, if you ask her. She said she'd spend her Heaven doing good upon earth! Remember?" I smiled at the earnest little face before me. Truly such stories as these are the seedlings of saintliness.

Lad of Lima is the story of *Blessed Martin de Porres*, a little colored boy of South America. This story will appeal to all who read with open minds. There are thrills galore in the many miracles wrought by this holy son of St. Dominic. Lima in those days differed little from New York, Philadelphia, or Washington today when it came to the treatment of those who for various reasons were looked down upon. Therefore, it seems that God used this lovable saintly son of a Negro mother and a Spanish father to teach a much needed lesson in brotherly love.

At a very early age his love of the poor was so intense that even though they had little themselves he would give of that little to those even less fortunate. Like Francis of Assisi and Thomas Aquinas, Martin gave to the poor beggars of his mother's meager earnings despite repeated scoldings. Often he told his story before the Tabernacle, "She works so hard for her money, and I am always giving it away to beggars. Dear Lord, teach me always what is the right thing to do. And let me have a white soul, even if I am black on the outside. And bring my father back some day soon. And let me be brave when I tell Mother what I did with the three little coins. Amen."

No white child will read this story of *The Lad of Lima* without feeling that in comparison with Martin's moral and spiritual superiority his own lighter complexion is indeed unimportant.

Saints in the Sky. Can you ever imagine the great St. Catherine of Siena growing up in her father's big house amid all the noise and clatter of twenty-three brothers and sisters? It was easy to see she would never be beautiful. Only her golden hair set her apart from other little girls in the town. It was really lovely, so long and soft and curly.

"Will you stand still?" cried her mother one morning, as she tried to comb the pretty locks. "Why are you so fidgety?"

"Because I hate having my hair fixed," said the little girl. "I want to go out and play in the yard." That was when she was six. When she was twelve she cut off her only claim to beauty so that all the world might know that she wanted no earthly love, but only that of her God.

Being six years old and picking flowers with her favorite brother was a pleasant enough pastime, but fancy the excitement at seeing a group of wonderful people in shining robes in the sky above! Catherine tried to tell Stefano about her vision but he laughed and laughed. He thought, of course, that she was make-believing again. Catherine had many exciting experiences which finally proved to her family and to the world that she was especially blessed by God.

My Name is Thomas. Now this is a story of St. Thomas Aquinas that will fascinate young and old alike. It dispels the awe with which one usually associates this brilliant Doctor of the Church. Thomas, himself, tells the story of his life in his own words. The little boys at our house, Pete, Mike and Pat were spellbound.

"How I envy you!" said a young fellow to me one day. "You remember everything you read. You look through a book once and after that it's in your head. How do you do it, Thomas?"

"God helps me," I said, and explained to my friend that I had been given the ability to learn quickly while other people possessed gifts which I should never have. Then I tried to show the young man that there are all kinds of flowers in the world—red roses, white lilies, blue violets, yellow daisies.

"Which is the most beautiful?" I asked.

He looked a little puzzled. "They're all beautiful, I suppose, only each in a different way."

"Then one isn't better than another?"

"No."

I laughed. "God gave flowers different colors and perfumes. He's given men different talents, too. We don't have to wonder why. All we have to do is use what talents we have in the best possible way."

The little boys laughed with Thomas when he related how he was called the "Dumb Ox" and their eyes widened with surprise when Thomas's brothers kidnapped him from the Dominicans and held him captive in a mouldy old castle tower. How he finally won his freedom, and his experiences after that, make the children once and for all friends of the great St. Thomas.

Children of Fatima. This is the story of three modern children to whom our Blessed Mother appeared in 1917. Because of this comparatively recent visitation of our Lady to earth this story was read with much enthusiasm. It was agreed that this story was one of suspense because of the many trials and tribulations which followed Jacinta, Lucia and Francisco at every turn. The young readers rejoiced every time our Lady proved to a skeptical world by Her repeated apparitions that the little ones were not mere dreamers.

The beautiful lady smiled. "I come from heaven. I want you children to come here at this hour on the thirteenth day of each month until October. Then I will tell you who I am."

By now Lucia's fear had vanished entirely. "You come from heaven! Shall I go there?"

"Yes. But you must say the Rosary, and say it properly."

"And Jacinta?"

"She will go, too."

"And Francisco?"

The lady looked at the nine-year-old boy before her, and there was a rather reproachful smile upon her lips. "Yes, but first he must say many Rosaries."

This is a thrilling story which emphasizes the importance of the Rosary. Our Lady of the Rosary revealed to these three little children Her desire for an increase of devotion to this beautiful prayer.

Warrior in White. Blessed John Masias, went from Spain to South America to become a Dominican Brother and a friend of Blessed Martin de Porres. This story is so full of exciting adventures that our Mary Anne who loves mysteries, said:

"My goodness, Blessed John really does put 'Superman' in the shade what with St. John the Beloved carrying his namesake through the air from one distant place to another. This story reads like an Arabian Night!"

Holding fast to his heavenly friend, John Masias presently found himself traveling the dusty road that led to Guadalcanar. In some mysterious fashion he seemed to move with amazing speed. It was like skimming over the ground, as though his feet had wings. Soon Rivera was far behind and the familiar scenes of childhood. Surely America lay ahead—the land of savages who knew not Christ, whose mountains abounded in gold and precious gems!

This is such a story of perfect humility, kindness and absolute confidence in God that you can actually "feel" the Presence of our Father ever ready to help would we but ask with confidence.

Another story of adventure that will thrill young and old alike. Like *Lad of Lima* and the *Angel of the Andes* this, too, is a "Good Neighbor" tale of exciting days in South America.

Little Sister. This is the story of *Blessed Imelda* the dear little Dominican patroness of First Communicants. Our Cecilia Imelda was especially proud of this story because it is a very real description of her namesake. Her gentleness and charm won the hearts of all. Even the beggars and the servants loved their "Little Sister." This story is a refreshing contrast to the lives of other noble and wealthy families. Her parents were loved for their just dealings and gentle ways. They were not too engrossed in selfish pleasures to forget those less fortunate than themselves. Is it any wonder then that their beautiful little daughter was well on the road to sainthood even as a child? In those days Holy Communion could not be received until the age of fourteen. Imelda longed and sighed for the day on which she could receive her Lord for the first time.

Thus it was that on one memorable morning the Sacred Host floated from the chalice to rest above the head of this little lover of the Eucharist. Then only did the priest know that God wanted Himself to go to this little soul.

Northern Lights, a very remarkable story of the great Polish *St. Hyacinth*. Since Poland is in the news so often this story is especially interesting to the older children. Bernadette, our Sixth Grader, claimed this story helped her with her geography and history.

These thirteenth-century Dominican missionaries spread the Faith all over Poland, Prussia, Lithuania and other vast stretches of Northern Europe as far as Kiev in Russia. Here is a story of heroic adventure and all for the glory of God. We meet good St. Dominic and some of his first companions. We journey with them across Italy to Viterbo where Dominic takes leave.

"May God help me in this new work!" Hyacinth thought. "It isn't going to be easy to have so much responsibility."

How he meets and solves each problem even to the performing of many wonderful miracles makes for an exciting story. This is another book that will be read and reread with great enthusiasm.

Miss Windeatt is especially gifted in telling a difficult story in a charming manner. She has removed the stuffiness from the all too dry old-style lives of the saints. Her description and clever use of conversation makes each saint come alive on the pages of the book and it is with genuine reluctance that either child or adult lay it aside.



The Reverend Michael Joseph McGivney, founder of the Knights of Columbus.

KNIGHTS WILL BE CHAMPIONS

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

The Knights of Columbus may not be an army in the strict sense, but it is a society of Catholic men fighting together against an elusive foe—fighting for and defending and propagating Catholic rights and principles, a Catholic manner of life.

Gerard Ellspermann, O.S.B.

ALMOST every young son of a Knight of Columbus has sometime or other gone through this routine:

"Son, there's one thing I want you to see when you grow up—something you can't ever forget, well—something that's better than many a sermon."

The son had heard that before, so he knew that Dad was talking about the K. of C. initiation, about which Dad was bursting to say something, but wouldn't, because to give away that secret just couldn't be done. But someday—that son would see for himself.

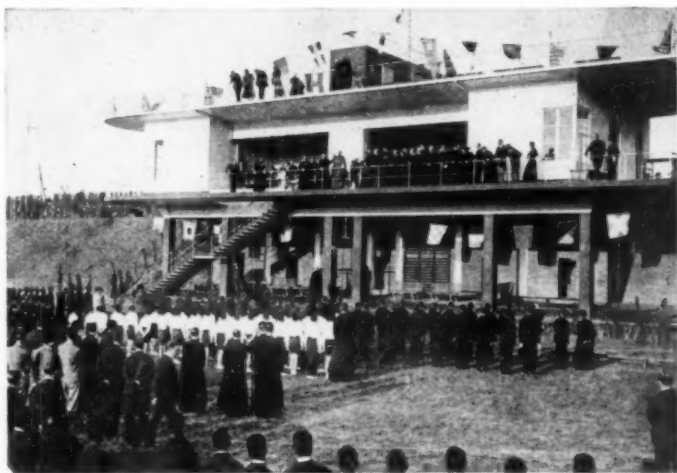
As time glided by, that son picked up bit by bit the story of the

founding of the Knights of Columbus, its history, spirit and many accomplishments.

Michael Joseph McGivney, priest pastor of St. Mary's Church, New Haven, Connecticut, first dreamed of establishing a great Catholic fraternal order. He, young as he was, being only in his early thirties, was one of the first to realize the urgent

and vital need for a society of laymen which would help to develop healthy Catholicity

among its members, help to combine good works and the conduct of everyday worldly affairs. Moreover, in his priestly experiences Father McGivney was keenly alive to the attractiveness of absolutely oath-



Dedication of Tiber River Playground in Rome, 1934. The priests are alumni of the North American College, gathered in Rome to celebrate the 75th anniversary of the College.

bound associations. The painful experience of seeing his Catholic young men enter fraternal societies either frowned upon or actually forbidden by the Church he did not want to have repeated.

He had something in mind—not an oath-bound organization, but one that comprised solid fraternal benefits with the attractiveness of selected membership and secret initiation, secret upon promise of man to man, yielding, however, to authority of Church and State.

Men of his parish were contacted. That was in 1882, January 16. At the third meeting the name "Sons of Columbus" was proposed by Father McGivney only to be substituted by "Knights of Columbus." A constitution was drawn up in July, 1883, and the ritual was laid before Bishop McMahon, who pronounced it exceedingly interesting and praised especially the third section, now the third degree. He is quoted as saying: "I have followed the wording of this ritual closely. I cannot detect anything amiss or improper. I am of the opinion that it will be a valuable medium for carrying sound moral principles to your members; that it will be the means of attracting many to your organization." Now I know what my Dad meant when he said that the initiation was "better than many a sermon."

Bishop McMahon was the first Bishop to enter the Order, and his patronage gave strength to the new organization and played a vital part in its early growth. Gradually, by reason of hard, honest work the impression gained ground that this was a fraternal organization of Catholic men; this was a beneficent society, which by its insurance department protected the home; this was the society that could offer what formerly was to be had only in non-Catholic societies.

And when the clergy began to apply for member-

ship as quickly as the laity (taking the numerical proportion into consideration), it was felt that recognition had been secured and growth assured.

In the interests of the Church and the State and the individual the Order under wise government was destined for a career of sincere fraternity, patriotic usefulness, and helpful charity. And so it has proven as the history of its activities unfolds, revealing an enviable record.



Cardinal Pacelli (now Pope Pius XII) blessing the site of the Tiber River Playground in Rome, 1934.

The manifold activities of the Knights flow from their ideal of Charity, Unity, Fraternity, and Patriotism. An organization's worth can easily be verified by its work. What it does for its members, their families, communities and Church is an unmistakable expression of vitality and vigor of its aims.

To many the works of charity of the K. of C. are well known. Homes for orphans and delinquent boys, endowing of hospital beds, providing a sanitarium for members of the Order, making substantial contributions to earthquake victims in California and Montana, to drought victims in Kentucky, Missouri, Nebraska, and Saskatchewan—these are but a few of the good works in this country. For relief of flood sufferers the Order has donated \$50,000 in the Mississippi River Valley, \$5,000 in New England, \$2,500 in California and an additional \$1,000 in Louisiana.

Moreover, through its safe insurance policies, temporary aid is provided for the families of deceased members. Each Council maintains a committee to visit the sick and shut-in members, aids Brothers in distress, and in a body pays the last religious respects for departed members.

PROMOTING HIGHER EDUCATION

Among its many Catholic activities in the

past and in the present has been the fostering of education by providing lectures to non-Catholics, obtaining Catholic libraries in cities, giving donations in the form of scholarships to the Catholic schools of higher learning.

Two hundred eleven Knights of Columbus scholars have completed post-graduate work at the University of Notre Dame alone. The really

significant endowment fund of \$500,000 for Knights of Columbus scholarships at the Catholic University of America in 1914 deserves more than a passing mention. Over 780 scholarships have been granted under this endowment made by the Order. Previous to 1914 the Order took its first significant step in furthering Catholic higher education and American patriotism by an endowment of \$50,000 for a chair of American History at the same Catholic University, which at the time was threatened with financial embarrassment. It might be said that one of the mottoes now emblazoned on the banners of Columbianism is "Educate the Young."

THE KNIGHTS IN WAR

War came to the United States in 1917. The Knights were at hand. They led the field in providing shelter, recreational houses and healthful entertainment for the armed forces. Leaders of non-Catholic denominations have quite frankly declared their opinions that the Knights of Columbus, by their war relief and reconstruction work, coalesced Catholic action and immeasurably augmented Catholic prestige. America in those days of World War I learned to love the Knights, to regard them as modest and robust practitioners of a true Americanism. To quote but one figure—approximately \$44,000,000 was expended for War Work and post-War Work in behalf of the ex-service men, one-third of which amount was raised in its own War



Blood for Brother Knights is typed, and volunteers are always ready to give when called upon.

Fund drive, and two-thirds received from the United drive. And in World War II the Knights played their own distinctive part in arranging for Blood Donors, in maintaining recreation centers for service men on the home front, in the encouragement and help given to returning veterans.

SO WHAT?

That is the history — true

history — of which every K. of C. has every reason to be proud. In the years of its existence since 1882 this Catholic society has made Catholic history by championing the cause of the Church, the State, and the individual. Perhaps the Knights could have done more. It is not to the discredit of the whole Order to say that some Councils could have—let's be practical—*can* even now do more. But, on the whole, the Knights have been *Champions*.

THE NAME

It was owing to the influence of the Church on the institution of the knights of the Middle Ages that the word Knight came to be synonymous with Champion. The Knights were Catholics, as all Europe was in the Middle Ages, and the Church exacted from the Knight a vow to use his weapons for the protection of the weak and the defenseless, especially of women and orphans and the Church. For this defense the Church blessed in solemn ceremony the sword of the Knight.

From the twelfth century, particularly from the time of the first crusades against the Turks, there arose Orders of Knights. There were the Knights of Rhodes or Malta, called Hospitalers of St. John, because their first work was the sheltering of pilgrims and the caring of the sick in Jerusalem who came as pilgrims to the Holy Lands. Later they provided a military escort for these pilgrims, which in time became an array of Knights with a Grand Knight as their head—even he going into battle.



H. C. McGinnis

THE American public seems to have lost its conscience in world affairs. Despite the fact that we suffered a million casualties and spent around three hundred billion dollars in fighting a war for justice and to free enslaved peoples, we seem strangely silent as we see our objectives trampled under foot. The great nation which the world's oppressed peoples formerly regarded as their one great hope appears to have forgotten its world destiny. The peoples of Europe and Asia are stunned as they see the formerly recognized champion of liberty show little or no concern as one nation after another loses freedom.

Our apathy does not come from helplessness. We are the world's most powerful nation, with even the current oppressors of small and weak nations looking to us for aid. When the fighting ended, we stood as the hope of a suffering world. Today we stand as one of the greatest enigmas of all time. Either we have no convictions or else we lack the courage to support them. Our silence indicates a serious breakdown in our public morality. While we talk much about world-security, we overlook the basic truth, as recently stated by Pius XII, that "one who asks for security in the future

BETWEEN THE LINES

H. C. McGinnis

"....It Tolls For Thee."

should not forget that its only true guarantee lies in ... outlawing all hate, all persecution, all unjust vexation of honest citizens; in loyal concord between State and State, between people and people."

One wonders what the people of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania must think about us. To the people of these nations we have stood as a father, at least as a guardian. It was the United States that acted as a mid-wife when they were born republics after World War I. We helped them to draw up constitutions patterned after our own and to install administrative, legislative and judicial machinery based on the American system. We figuratively held their hands as they took their first toddling steps in the economic world. We felt proud of our work then. How proud can we feel now? We stood by in ignoble silence while Red Russia gobbled up the political integrity of these helpless peoples, despite the fact that it is our officially uttered national policy not to recognize the forcible incorporation of one people by another. We have uttered noble sentiments, but we fail to back them up, although we are in a position to do so. Is it possible that our selfishness as individual Americans has become so great that we are no longer interested in any injustice which does not immediately affect us?

Our former interest in Czechoslovakia was no less than our interest in the Baltic Republics. The constitution of that country, born out of World War I, was written in Pittsburgh. Our government nursed the new Czech government along in much the same way that we helped the Baltic States. Yet we stood by silently when that helpless nation was sacrificed to Hitler and again we said nothing when Stalin installed a puppet government. Although we played a leading part in

helping Yugoslavia become a nation, we stand by with scarcely a protest as Tito largely duplicates the acts of the Red side in the Spanish Civil War, destroying all defenders and institutions of decent civilization.

Poland's tragic case should need no discussion here. The plight of that bleeding, dismembered nation is known by all. While the Red land-grab was tragic enough, the gradual enslavement of what remains is still more deplorable. Red troops occupy every part of the country, under one pretext or another, but actually to enforce the mandates of Moscow's stooge government. Moscow's aims are revealed to be more than political as her puppet government in Poland, operating under Moscow's pressure, passes laws to degrade marriage and the sanctity of the home by refusing to recognize marriages performed by the Church. Atheistic Moscow knows that by destroying the proper concepts of marriage and of the home she can ultimately destroy the vitality of the Polish nation. Yet we Americans voice no indignation as the Polish people, coerced by Red bayonets everywhere, are denied the practice of the religious traditions which they have followed for a thousand years. Our sense of morality seems to be not a whit outraged as we see the Four Freedoms, for which we sought, slaughtered ruthlessly. On the contrary, we continue to render aid and support to destroyers of human rights. No wonder so much of the world is desperately puzzled and bewildered by our present attitude in world affairs.

If our attitude towards Russia's outrages seem queer, our attitude towards Britain's is equally so. Although Britain and the United States joined in a public statement which declared the right of all peoples to choose their own form of

government, Britain has taken over from Holland the business of suppressing forty million Indonesians. The Indonesians, numbering about the same population as Great Britain, seek a measure of freedom. They live under the Dutch flag, yet Britain has taken upon herself the job of beating them into submission. Worse yet, British troops have at times acted like Nazis in Poland, firing native villages in retaliation for Indonesian attacks upon British lines of supply. We Americans were decidedly outraged when the Nazis did such things to defenseless civilians, but we have nothing to say when Britain does them. Instead, we contemplate lending Britain billions of dollars, part of which will no doubt go to help defray the expenses of the British Indonesian campaign. That campaign is the strongest proof possible that imperialism is not dead and that, at present, there is little intention of letting it die. Modern imperialism has a two-fold character: it is beastly wrong when practiced by our enemies; it is perfectly all right when practiced by ourselves and our allies. Since imperialism was the cause of World War I and II, World War III seems inevitable if imperialism continues to be nurtured by the world's leading powers.

India's hundreds of millions of oppressed people have looked to us in vain for that moral pressure which would require Britain to give them at least a measure of autonomy. Little news comes out of India these days, for Britain is not publishing the injustices she is committing there. But what little does seep out reveals that India is seething with rebellion and is the powder keg which may yet set Asia aflame. Nor is Burma as quiet as the lack of news from there might indicate. There, too, imperialism sits tightly on the lid to keep injustices hidden from outside view. In Indo-China, the British help the French to suppress the self-expression of the inhabitants. So far as world oppression and exploitation are concerned, the postwar picture looks much like the prewar one. Colonial peoples are no better off than before, despite

the glorious wartime pronouncements which were uttered about the rights of all peoples to self-expression; while in Europe, millions of unhappy people have simply exchanged tyrannical masters.

Perhaps we feel smug because we are not participating directly in these injustices. Perhaps we feel that we have proved ourselves sufficiently righteous by the example we have set other powers through our actions in the Philippines. If this is the case, we are committing a grievous error. We should throw our powerful strength at this time into the battle for the right of self-determination of all peoples, just as Pius XII has thrown the Church's entire spiritual and moral weight into the struggle for a new world order built upon true freedom and justice. The new order which we profess to seek has not yet started to jell, hence now is the time for us to make a definite and lasting imprint upon society's future. Should postwar society conform generally to the prewar pattern, then World War II with all its costly sacrifices will have been fought in vain. Tyranny and injustice are always the same, regardless of the garb they wear.

Evidently we fail to see the true nature of the human family's pattern as designed by its Creator. We fail to see that the pattern of the Mystical Body is the proper ideal of the relationships which should exist in the social body. We are failing to see that we are but parts of the whole and that what affects one part adversely ultimately affects all other parts. An understanding of Christian philosophy would remove this blindness, but Christianity has become too largely removed from everyday matters for us to perceive correctly the mutual interdependence of all the world's peoples. Yet it should be plain to all thinking people that the pattern designed by the Creator is the one which must be used if society is to achieve happiness.

Today the only remedy possible for a world which has bogged down into the mire of distress is the re-

Christianization of society. As the Holy Father has warned many times, the solution to our woes must be found in the principles of religion and morality. This fact is being given more recognition today in Europe than it is here in America, perhaps because we have not suffered so much and are not therefore searching so desperately for a solution. But neither here nor there will a mere lip service to religious and moral truths suffice. If we are to rebuild a shattered society upon them we must understand their basic foundations. For example, the brotherhood of man means more than a league of nations which secures peace by means of an armed truce. Man cannot secure peace until he sees himself as one of a great single family and then conscientiously lives the proper family spirit. He must realize that he is his brother's keeper and that what harms the Siamese and the Burmese harms him also in the long run. He must learn that just as blood poison in the little finger of a human hand affects the health of the entire body and may eventually cause its death, so does injustice in any part of the social body weaken the structure of justice in the rest of the body. He must see that his own peace, security and happiness arise not solely within his own national boundary lines but also depend upon all the lands beyond. The soldier from Australia who died in Europe probably never realized that a German-Polish conflict over the tiny Polish Corridor would cause his death, for it seemed so far removed from his own problems; but it did just the same. The killing of one man in a dispute between Austria and Serbia caused the death of nine million soldiers drawn from many parts of the world and the death of twenty million civilians. Very few people were interested in either the killed or the killer, yet millions died as a result.

Hence our much boasted mental brilliance should tell us that when injustice occurs anywhere, even in the world's remotest spots, we should be sufficiently Christian to know that "it tolls for thee!"

THREE MEN ON A FENCE

by
EDWIN
CARLILE
LITSEY



PLEASANT Jasper Jones was on his last bed, and, according to custom, his nearest neighbors had come to be with him at his passing.

Pleasant Jasper was a well-to-do farmer who lived in the Kentucky hinterland. He and his old maid sister occupied a substantial four room log house, weatherboarded, with kitchen added. When Pleasant Jasper's grandfather built the house it also had a dog-trot, or "wind parlor," but the present owner closed this up, and now it formed a hall from which all rooms could be entered. Many of the people thereabout had forgotten what the old maid sister's real name was, because everyone, everywhere, had called her "Sis" for so long. Her brother, now past eighty, had accumulated a great deal of this world's goods according to the standard of the community in which he dwelt. He had the reputation of being uncommonly shrewd in a business deal, and there were some who declared he at times reaped where he had not sown.

Three men and their wives had come that morning after telephone calls had advised them that Pleasant Jasper was weakening fast. Two of the couples had driven up in mud-spattered automobiles, and the third had come in an old buggy much the worse for wear and weather. All six callers arrived about the same time, as though by arrangement, and after mutual greetings they filed silently into the sick room and took a look at the hairy old man lying unconscious with his head on a big white pillow. Sis solemnly shook

hands with all of them, then went back and resumed her seat by the huge cherry four-poster.

After mutely remaining a respectable time with their hands clasped in front of them, the men tip-toed from the chamber, leaving their women folks to companion the sister who soon was to be bereft.

Once in the yard, the men, again as though by preconceived plan, walked side by side to a rail fence some sixty feet away and each climbed to a seat upon its top. A more uncomfortable perch would be hard to imagine, and there were chairs on the porch from which they just had come. But customs have their enigmas, too, and progenitors of these three always held conference atop a rail fence. Once seated, with the heels of their heavy shoes wedged against a lower rail for support, each proceeded to prepare for the talk ahead.

Slow moving and deliberate talking Jacob Tedder, largest of the group, calmly gnawed off a fair size chew, to which he would add later as the need arose, from a twist of tobacco which he had grown and seasoned himself.

Mild mannered Bill Gum, whose crops for some reason never were what they should be, good seasons or bad, sat next to Jacob. With remarkably leisurely movements he produced an old corncob pipe, heavily ringed with nicotine where the reed stem entered, and filled it with tobacco which he, too, had grown.

"Pleasant was a pretty good man, I reckon," began Jacob, unconsciously using the past tense. "But there

ain't no man too good when he comes to die. I've always said that, and I'll stick to it."

"You won't git any dispute on your last p'int, Jacob," said Bill Gum, "and maybe, considerin', it might be better to let your first p'int go, too."

Tommy Hash, the last of the trio, was a little knot of a man. He sat there all hunched up like a cold bird on a limb, now and then dry washing his work-gnarled hands and cracking a few knuckles as he did so.

"Dyin' don't wipe away any man's devilment," he broke in now, in a piping, shrill voice, nodding his head by way of emphasis.

Big Jacob Tedder slowly turned his head and looked at the speaker.

"Did Pleasant Jasper ever beat you in a deal, or extortion you in money matters?" he demanded.

Tommy Hash squirmed on the rail, but the act was from nervousness and not from embarrassment.

"He sold me a cow once with the holler-horn, g'aranteed sound and all right."

A silence of some seconds followed. It was Bill Gum who said:

"Maybe he didn't know the milk animal had the holler-horn."

"He knowed it when I told him!" snapped Tommy Hash, "and I hold it ag'in him to this day!"

Jacob Tedder leaned forward and let a stream of amber juice roll from between his lips to the ground. Some of it wet his beard. He cupped one hand, wiped it away, then drew his palm over the leg of his trousers.

"Didn't he make any sort of back payment to you, Tommy?"

"Nary a cent, by gum!"

"Don't swear by my name, 'specially at this time," spoke up the man in the middle, gently, and without a trace of offense in his voice. "There's plenty other cuss words, if you must use 'em."

"I ain't swearin' by your name!" flashed back Mr. Hash. "There's bee gum an' chewin' gum, ain't there? Don't be so tarnation techous!"

"Don't start a fuss now, men," came the calm admonition of Jacob Tedder... "What reason did Pleasant Jasper give for not making a refund on the cow?" he continued.

"The porest one a feller could think of. Said he didn't know her horns was holler."

"Some reason, but not a good one," admitted Jacob Tedder. "At the same time, Tommy, you oughtn't to harbor ill ag'in a dyin' man. Now we'll have to go to the Book to clear Pleasant Jasper, I guess."

His two companions were aware of their friend's full and quoting acquaintance with the Bible, but as he was slow to continue Tommy Hash broke in.

"I've read the Book, too, from kiver to kiver. Six times I've read it, and there's a passel of it I can't make heads nor tails of, but one thing I'm sure of is it's ag'in trickery and fraud."

"You are right," agreed Jacob Tedder, "but if you will turn to Matthew, five, twenty, you will find it says if a man sues you at law and takes your coat, you should give him your cloak, also."

"What's that got to do with a cow with the holler-horn?" interposed Bill Gum, in his silky, non-committal tones.

"That's what I want to know!" snapped Tommy Hash.

"Well, men," patiently explained Jacob Tedder, "it simply means that if a feller deliberately and with malice aforethought mistreats you, you mustn't hold no grudge ag'in him, but must turn right around and do him a favor instid."

"That ain't nat'ral," asserted Bill Gum, drawing quietly on his pipe

and allowing the light blue smoke to titillate his nostrils.

"But it's Christian, and I've got the Scripture back of me."

The two other men were quiet for some time after this, probably feeling they could not successfully oppose the statement. It was Jacob Tedder who finally broke the silence.

"Bill, it 'pears to me your right hind tar in settlin'."

The man addressed calmly directed his gaze across the yard to where his old jalopy was parked.

"That's the second time this mornin'," he observed, without irritation and without apparent concern. "The damned inner tube is a mass o' patches, is plumb wore out, and I can't git a new one."

Another silence fell upon the trio, and unconsciously they fell to watching the closed door which led from the porch into Pleasant Jasper's room. They knew one of the women would come out and tell them when the sick man died. Jacob Tedder's bushy jaw ground slowly away

on his quid, Bill Gum held the stem of his pipe between his lips because he had no teeth with which to grip it, while little Tommy Hash dry-washed his hands at intervals, cracking a knuckle when he thought about it. The sound this extraordinary conduct produced was sharp, like the crack of a whip.

A gaunt hound came slouching around the farther corner of the house, sank to its haunches facing the building, and let out a weird, long-drawn howl. The eerie ululation sent a chill down the spines of the men on the fence.

"Drat that dog!" burst out Tommy Hash.

He jumped to the ground, drove the beast away by throwing small rocks at it, then scrambled back to his former seat.

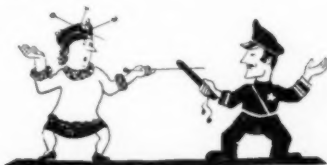
"You men know," he said, presently, "there's some mighty qu'r things set down in the Book." His chirrupy voice had taken on a meditative tone. "But we're s'posed to

(Continued on page 82)



It is unlawful to run cars with flat wheels in Houston.

A barber has been held to be a mechanic by Tennessee's Supreme Court. Perhaps one of them gave a demonstration that convinced some suffering Solon.



In Memphis you'll be arrested if you go to a theater with hatpins in your hat.

Winners

THIRD



Carol Altschwager

SECOND



Mary Alice O'Malley

FOURTH



Jean Klarer

FIFTH

Pauline Lewis

FIRST



Marion Gall

SIXTH



Mary Stroeher

A. HIGH SCHOOL DIVISION

MARION GALL, 30 Broome Street, Brooklyn 22, N. Y., is fourteen years old. Marion's school of 1500 pupils is proud of her success. She takes it in stride—saying art is only a pastime in her life. English is more appealing, and mystery books rate high.

MARY ALICE O'MALLEY, 6626 Maryland Ave., Chicago 37, Ill., is sixteen years old. She spent fifteen hours coloring her contest book and then had some doubts about the finished product. A great lover of art, Mary hopes to pursue her painting if and when means permit. Her prize money will help some. She loves music, too, and wants to develop her talent for it. "Song of Bernadette" is the kind of movie Mary appreciates.

CAROL ALTSCHWAGER, 3141 N. Palmer St., Milwaukee 12, Wis., is seventeen. She has three and one half years of art to her credit, and withal finds it possible to enjoy sports, including basketball. Music is also a favorite recreation with Carol. Painting Christmas and Birthday cards is a hobby.

JEAN KLARER, 106 N. Western Parkway, Louisville 12, Ky., is seventeen. She is a member of St. Columba's Parish. Jean loves all forms of art.

PAULINE LEWIS, St. Mary's Academy, Sacred Heart, Oklahoma, is fifteen years old. When we heard that she was a Seminole Indian we understood her gift of coloring as well as her sympathetic understanding of the Fatima story. We are sorry that because of illness Pauline was away from school when informed of her success in the contest, and we have not been able to get a picture of her.

MARY STROEHMER, 3500 Seventh Ave., Los Angeles 16, Calif., is sixteen. Mary is a native of Texas who migrated to California, not that she loves Texas less, but that she loves California more (?). When she read in *Our Sunday Visitor* about the contest she was ready to enter, for drawing and painting had long been a favorite pastime with her. When she isn't listening to "Hit Parade" on the radio, she is "wishing" she could play the piano.

JOANNE WHITEFIELD, 2158 74th Ave., Philadelphia 38, Pa. The winner of first prize is only nine years old. She says she looks too serious on her picture, but we don't think so. She writes that "if she wins" she will have a Mass said in honor of "Our Lady of Fatima." She also wants to invest "Our Lady of Fatima."

IRVING GORMAN, 841 Smith St., Providence 3, R. I., is thirteen. He is an eighth-grader in St. Pius School, where devotion to Our Lady of Fatima is no slight interest. The last two years the annual play has taken its theme from the story of Fatima. The school has organized "First Saturday Clubs"—a splendid idea, which we heartily recommend to all schools. Irving is an altar boy and until recently a singer in the choir. His ambition is to be an architect and we hope he realizes a wish he has expressed—"some day to work on the blueprints of a Church to Our Lady of Fatima."

DAVID DIEDHAM, 9 Dunlap Street, Kentland, Indiana, is also thirteen. David likes to color and enjoys Timeless Topix. He says Superman and Crime Doctor fail to interest him.

PEGGY LEE HOFSTETTER, 3217 Erdman Ave., Baltimore 13, Md., is thirteen. Peggy reads more than she draws. In painting she is emulating an older sister, also an artist.

BARBARA BUSCIETTA, 3910 Jason Street, Denver 11, Colorado, is thirteen. Barbara thinks all children should learn to paint and draw "for it teaches them neatness and color scheming, which is especially important for girls to observe." She thinks more boys did not enter the contest because it was conducted during football season.

DORIS DEMKO, 98 North 8th St., Brooklyn 11, N. Y., is ten years old. She heard about the contest from a cousin in California. Doris, like another contestant, is very fond of "Song of Bernadette."

FIRST



Joanne Whitefield

FOURTH



Barbara Buscietta

B. GRADE SCHOOL DIVISION

THIRD



David Diedham

FIFTH



Peggy Hofstetter

SECOND



Irving Gorman

SIXTH



Doris Demko

(Continued from page 79)

swaller 'em, and we usually do even if it gives us a kind o' chokin' feelin' now and then."

He turned and looked challengingly at his companions with his small, ferret-like eyes. They waited for him to continue, but he just sat there shooting boring glances from one to the other.

Jacob Tedder leaned over and spat again, then said in his slow, drawn-out manner;

"Well, Tommy, we ain't disputin' you. But go on."

"Yes, tell us some of 'em," supplemented Bill Gum, his eyes set in a melancholy stare on the spreading tire across the yard.

"They's plenty to pick from," resumed Tommy Hash, belligerently, as though one of his hearers had taken up cudgels against his remark. "And if you fellers have gone past Genesis, you know it."

"None of us are smart enough to onderstand all of Scripture," asserted Jacob Tedder. "But it's the word of the Lord, and it's our bounden duty to take it whether we can make it out, or not."

"Name one of the things that pesters you, Tommy," broke in Bill Gum. "Jacob and me don't pertend to have minds over your'n, but sometimes one feller can see somethin' another feller can't."

"There's a passel of 'em, I tell you," reiterated Tommy Hash, "an' I can't see why they warn't put down in plain words so anybody could tell what was meant. It makes a feller oneasy in the mind when he can't grip a thing, 'specially if that thing's got a bearin' on him when he gits ready to die. There's others, too, plenty of 'em."

"We ain't disputin' you, Tommy," soothed Jacob Tedder. "But state your case."

"Well, men, one thing I never could straighten out to my satisfaction was the beasts at Ephesy."

"Say that ag'in," said Bill Gum, taking his pipe from his mouth and appearing to concentrate.

"Ephesy. The beasts at Ephesy. It's the 'postle Paul doin' the talkin'. He says he fit beasts there. Now, what I want to know is, what kind?"

"First Corinthians, fifteen, thirty-two," spoke up Jacob Tedder, musingly. "You are right, Tommy. That is what he said."

"Now," said the little man, "the thing what bothers me is, what kind o' beasts he was talkin' about? It would 've been powerful easy to put that in the record, wouldn't it?"

There was a distinctly combative note in the speaker's voice.

"I don't see why it makes any difference to us in this day, Tommy," replied Jacob Tedder, rubbing his chin reflectively.

"It makes some difference to me, and I would like to know, too, whether he whupped 'em or not. And I also want somebody to tell me what kind o' varmints they was."

Jacob Tedder chewed on in ruminative silence.

"'Pears to me I've heerd they was liurns and tigers in that part of the world," resumed Tommy Hash. "But they're turrible fierce, and I don't feel like any man could stand up ag'in 'em, even the 'postle Paul."

"Don't forgit Dan'l, Tommy," reminded Bill Gum. "While it's true he didn't fight the liurns, he neighbored with 'em, and warn't harmed. The Lord must a' been with Paul, too."

"All that ain't answerin' my question," insisted Tommy Hash.

"Maybe it was elephants," suggested Bill Gum. "I heerd a circus man say once they come from some furrin' country."

"That makes it wuss'n ever," retorted Tommy. "You know durn well a thing big as a elephant could tromp a man to death, or pick him up in his snout an' flail him to pieces on the ground."

A frown of perplexity had spread over Jacob Tedder's ordinarily placid brow, and his jaw had accelerated its motion.

"You know, men," he said, weighing his words, "I don't b'lieve Paul actual fit any beasts at Ephesy."

His hearers were too dumbfounded by this remark to reply at once, for their friend was a deacon in the country church they all attended, and often led in prayer. And this statement smacked of rank heresy. They just sat staring at him as

though suddenly he had lost his mind. Presently he spoke again.

"The parson took that subjee' for his text once. I don't think you was there that day, Bill, as you told me later you had to git a ox out o' the ditch. Actual, it was a hoss out of a sinkhole, but I think we could spread the Scripture meanin' to kiver that. You was there, Tommy, for I remember seein' you, but I think you was asleep."

"I mought a' been, if it was a hot day," confessed Tommy Hash, totally unabashed. "The parson is a mighty drowsy talker. But what does a preacher mean, goin' back on the wrote Word?"

"He didn't go back on it. He just explained it, or tried to, for he was powerful hard to foller."

"Jist what did he say, Jacob, as well as you can rickollect?" asked Bill Gum. "It seems to me the words are mighty plain there, plain enough for 'most anybody to onderstand."

"That's what bothered me, and it bothers me yet. Parson said that Paul was talkin'—not in parables, and I forgit the words he used. But he said that what Paul actual fit was not beasts of flesh and blood, like we folks know 'em, but temptations to do wrong, sich as come to all of us this day and time."

Tommy Hash shook his head.

"Beasts is beasts, an' temptations is temptations," he averred, doggedly, "an' I never heerd a parson accuse the Book of double talk before."

"I think you're doin' the parson an onjestice, Tommy," returned Jacob Tedder. "He's a good man, an' remember it's his business to study the Scripture, and straighten out sayin's it mought be hard for a common man to git the gist of. Now it's plain to see that this matter of Paul fightin' the beasts is plumb beyond any of us settin' here, an' I am humble enough an' honest enough to admit it. An' it seems to me it would be better for our peace of mind to take what the parson said as right and proper."

This speech was delivered with such evident earnestness that his companions plainly were impressed, if not convinced. Each knew per-

fectly well that interpreting the Book was out of his province, and there might be something to the parson's explanation. Without it they were floundering in total darkness, while with it there was at least a ray of light, though dim and feeble to their comprehension.

While they silently were mulling over the perplexing problem an interruption came. The women in the house were singing.

Though the door was closed, the dwelling was not far away and they could hear the words of the gospel hymn. Each was familiar with it, for it had been sung often in the tiny church nestled in the grove of beech trees near the bank of Turtle Creek.

"That's Sis's doin'," said Jacob Tedder, gravely. "Pleasant Jasper must be nearly gone. You know Sis is mighty strong on hymns, an' she figgers maybe it 'll help his soul git home."

Bill Gum slowly and thoughtfully knocked the ashes from his pipe on the rail at his side, from which hornets had gnawed flakey slivers to get nest material. The dottle had caked, and he punched it out with a crooked forefinger, then nursed the warm pipe in his hands joined between his jutting knees.

Tommy Hash wriggled uncomfortably as though his seat all at once had grown hard, and sat staring at his restless hands as if he saw something about them he never had observed before.

A benign expression had spread over Jacob Tedder's weatherbitten face, and he slowly lifted it toward the sky, like he did when looking for signs of rain.

The quavering notes of the old hymn drifted out to the three, line after line, stanza after stanza. The fervent voices which sang it were untrained, and one was a bit off key, but walls and distance muted the melody, till it reached the ears of the men as something very sweet and moving. When the song finally was finished silence again encompassed the house.

Bill Gum pulled a dirty bandana from his pocket, and under pretense of wiping his forehead, which was

dry, he managed to wipe his eyes, which were wet.

Jacob Tedder still looked fixedly at the sky, expectantly, as though he thought it might open.

Tommy Hash all unconsciously was making faces, as if something very uncomfortable was prodding him inside.

The door facing them opened, and Mrs. Tedder appeared. Walking to the edge of the porch, she called:

"Pleasant Jasper is gone, Jacob."

None of the men stirred, or replied.

Mrs. Tedder's voice came again, with the same words, spoken some louder.

"We hear you, Abigail," called back her husband. "We're comin'."

The woman went back in the house and shut the door.

The three men still remained seated and silent, each seemingly wanting another to make the first move. Finally Jacob Tedder spoke, and his solemn tones sounded as though they held a warning.

"Tommy, you heard Abigail. Pleasant Jasper has gone to meet his Jedge."

The little man now was wrestling with himself as though torn by a devil which was being exorcised. His thin shoulders shook, and his straining hands slid over each other in spasmodic jerks. Soon his squeaky voice arose.

"I forgive him, men. I forgive him for that holler-horn cow."

All three now climbed awkwardly down from the fence and started toward the house to do what they could.

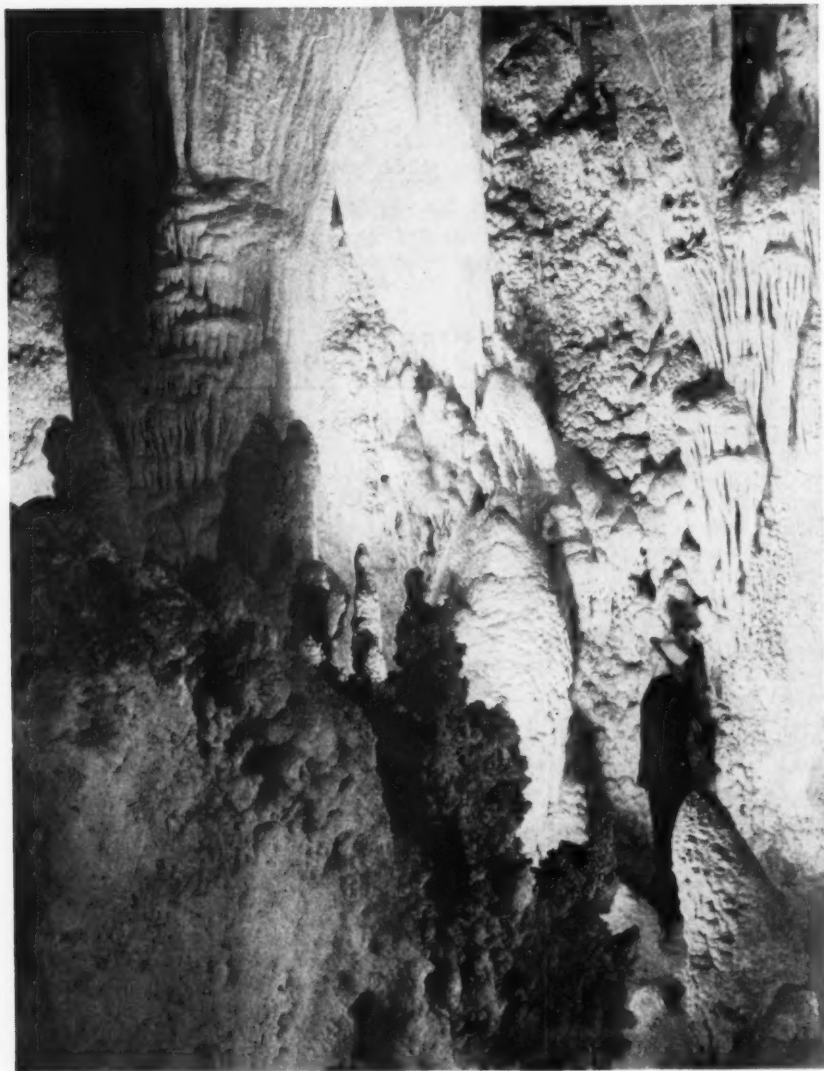
MR. BIGGOTT.



"I'm sorry, Mr. Eaglefeather, but our company's policy is to employ 100% Americans only."

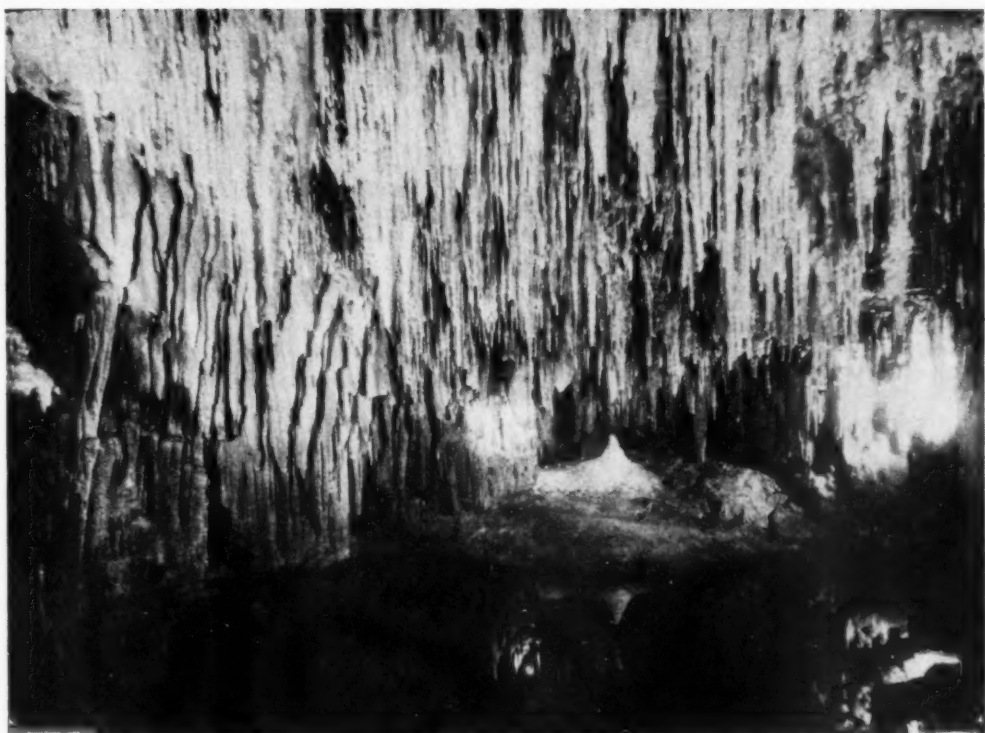
AMERICA'S DAWN MAN

ANNA E. DICKERMAN



General Electric Photo—

The effect of hidden electric floodlights on this underground wonder of nature is most inspiring. Carlsbad Caverns are in New Mexico.



Coral Spring Caverns of Virginia

General Electric Photo—

CAVEMEN lived in early America. They may not have adorned their cavern walls with outlines of animals, as did their contemporaries in Europe, but they left many interesting traces of occupancy.

For unknown reasons, possibly because this was thought of as the "New World," it was believed until quite recently that man had not lived on this continent as long as elsewhere. Then, in Nevada, a young university graduate entered a cave in connection with his work in mining development, and found a thick deposit of guano. Museum authorities identified this as related to the giant sloths, which were about the height of an elephant and up to eighteen feet in length. They lived on a herbiferous diet and inhabited jungles and dense forests, where if food on the ground became scarce they could eat from the lower branches of trees. With claws, bones, and patches of hide of the sloths, to which long, yellowish hair was still attached, there were spearheads, darts, and feathers bound with sinew. The dart shafts were colored with red and green mineral paint. The feathers may have belonged to a head-dress or more likely,

they may have decorated a "prayer stick" thrust into the kill to insure further success.

This aroused interest and other caves were searched with results. In southwestern New Mexico, skulls and other human bones were excavated at a depth of from twelve to eighteen feet, with those of the cave bear, American camel and wild horse. These discoveries made it appear certain that many thousands of years must be added to the estimate of man's existence in North America.

Folsom man, named from the little New Mexico town of Folsom, was supposed to have been the earliest known human. He was a hunter, whose javelin points resembled a short bayonet with a groove on each side. These points have been found from Canada to Texas. But his distinction was taken away from him, for in the Sandia mountains, not far from Albuquerque a cave disclosed that a much earlier man had hunted animals long ago extinct, and had left proof in the remnants of fires and meals, bones, and flint implements. Nothing of the kind in Europe may be older. They date back to the Paleolithic or Old Stone Age.

Nature held the secrets of Sandia man in a mar-

velous way. This cave was wet during the glacial period when he flourished, and dripping water from the ceiling, thickly charged with calcium carbonate, spread in pools over the cave floor. As the water evaporated, the mineral content made a perfect seal, keeping the remains of men and animals intact through the ages.

Near St. Thomas, Nevada, there is a mountain salt, preserved because so little rain fell in that area. However, the rush of underground waters hollowed out three great caverns in the interior. A carved club, thought by its type to be three thousand years old was found in these caverns, together with stone hammers, sandals and carrying nets made of yucca fibre, and corncobs on which the ancient salt miners may have lunched with the very seasoning preferred today.

A few years ago an expedition of ten men went deep into the canyons of Utah's "Bad Lands" where dinosaurs had roamed. They came upon a cave which had many pictographs, and characters that could not be deciphered, upon its rock walls; another with a prehistoric calendar made of groups of grooves cut into the rock; and other discoveries included a score of perfectly preserved ears of corn; a set of knitting sticks; a boll of cotton and a perfectly made boomerang. Utah caves have also revealed granaries of stone laid with mud mortar; places for grinding corn into rough flour; bits of pottery and artifacts of stone and bone.

Near Great Salt Lake in a cave now 365 feet above the present lake level, the skeleton of an infant was found buried in the lake-gravel floor. At the same depth were knives, scrapers, bone awls, a sharp bone dagger, and bits of charcoal. The cave was inhabited shortly after the water receded from its mouth, which may have been up to twelve thousand years ago.

A group of Indians living near Kanab, Utah, roofed a storage pit in duPont cave, with pinyon pine. Study of the tree rings from the center to the outer bark, shows that the tree was felled between A.D. 91 and 216, and is the oldest bit of building construction in the United States to which a definite date can be assigned.

There was a prehistoric settlement in an overhanging rocky cavern near Durango, Colorado. One-room huts with mud-coated floors and firepits, made fairly comfortable shelters. Corn and pumpkins were among the food crops raised by the early gardeners.

Oregon cave dwellers of more than ten thousand years ago, were driven out by a volcanic eruption. Layers of pumice above man-made articles, tell the tragic details. Seventy-five badly charred sandals were found.

The original doughnut makers lived in caves near Kenton, Oklahoma. Doughnut-shape food cakes and crude domestic implements show that the cave-woman was a housekeeper of sorts.

Cave dwellers were numerous in Texas, especially in the Big Bend area which is to be a National Park. It will take many years to make thorough explorations, the work having been interrupted by the war.

A rock shelter in Stephens County, Texas, contains thirteen ancient paintings. Nine of these are large human figures done in red, some of them three feet tall. Several heads are flat. Four figures are skirted, with narrower heads, and one has arms extended as if whirling in a dance. Two horns project from one of the flat heads, and one of the skirted figures has three feathers across the top of the head. Four of the figures are coated with the same mineral deposit that produces stalactites and stalagmites in caves, but there is no water in the vicinity, today. The artist may have lived so long ago that he belonged to, or knew of, a flat-headed race.

Longhorn Cave in central Texas, is the largest in the State. More than eight miles have been explored. Tons of debris were removed in opening the numerous passages and all this was carefully examined for traces of prehistoric man. Arrowheads came to light and huge animal bones split open for marrow. The beginnings of this cavern go back fifteen million years.

Primitive people practiced mystic rites in the caverns of West Texas. There were tales of hidden treasure brought centuries ago from the rich countries to the South, and still concealed in these caverns, but superstitious folk are willing to let it remain.

In a Tennessee cavern a human burial was found with an attempt made to mummify it. The body was wrapped in a closely woven material of bark and bird feathers and over this was laid a bearskin and all held in place with cedar boards. The care taken indicates that the person was probably an ancient chieftain.

There are more than five hundred known caverns not connected with one another, in Kentucky. Incidentally thousands of miles of cavern area have not as yet been explored or even discovered, and amazing worlds underground may lie beneath the reader's feet, no matter where he may live.

Some of the Kentucky caverns have yielded mummified bodies of human beings, and in a very few instances, enough evidence of their mode of life to suggest under what conditions they lived. They lighted the dark interiors with faggots dipped in bear fat, bound together with strips of bark. Their domestic utensils were gourds, of which there are many broken pieces. Corncobs, watermelon and sunflower seeds, and even tobacco, all of which is said to be the oldest in the world, have been brought out. Fragments of moccasins and textiles crumbled into dust at the moment of exposure to the air, showing extreme age.

Two CCC boys made a gruesome find in a Kentucky cave. They were making their way on hands and knees along a ledge, when they touched something round and hard, and flashing their lanterns upon it saw that it was the skull of an ancient man who had been trapped by a fall of rock. His skeleton lay close by and alongside it was a woven bag in which he had evidently intended to place whatever he had been seeking. He had probably not begun operations when death overtook him, for a bunch of unburned faggots had been thrust upright in a near crevice.

Twenty thousand years ago, Pleistocene man lived in a cave in what is now Minnesota, high in a cliff bordering the Mississippi River which had a glacial predecessor. The skeletons of two giant, long extinct beavers as large as bears, were removed from the rubble which filled the cave, and a small bone splinter used by ancient man as a scraper or perhaps a weapon, was discovered.

The Ozark region has caves innumerable. Marvell Cave, which has been explored for more than thirty-five miles, had a Dead Animal Chamber, which was the chosen mausoleum of fur-bearers large and small. A pair of raccoons curled up as if asleep, were observed at the end of a passage. Brought into daylight it was seen that their orange-brown colorings and markings differed from those of any known species and the Biological Survey pronounced them to belong to the Pleistocene era, and dead for thousands of years. In Onondaga Cave, eighty-five miles south-west of St. Louis, there are two human skeletons imbedded in the rock floor, of such age that they can barely be discerned beneath cave onyx, which forms at a rate of less than an inch a century. In Miller Cave, Pulaski County, Missouri, the condition of human bones found among ashes, shows that the occupants devoured the flesh of human beings. Since the bones are chiefly those of children, the flesh was eaten as food like that of any other animal, and not in the belief, known to have been held, that the valor and skill of an enemy could thus be absorbed by the victor.

Three miles west of Goshen, N.Y., a small cave was recently explored, and four feet below the surface, hundreds of animal bones were upturned, including teeth of elk and beavers and bones of wolves and panthers. The find was noteworthy, since there are now no elk except in zoos, east of the Mississippi. In a rock shelter overlooking Lake Cohasset, N.Y., a bone artifact known as a fish gorge, is identical with objects found elsewhere, thought to be one thousand or fifteen hundred years old. The fish gorge is three-sixteenths of an inch thick in the middle and tapers to a sharp point at each end. Early fishermen baited the ends and attached a line to the middle. As the fish rose to the bait, a jerk on the line wedged the gorge into its mouth and it could not free itself.

Important as the finds in caverns are, there is much to be learned about ancient men from other sources. Near Cherokee, Iowa, a village site of people of advanced culture, was unearthed in a barnyard. Workers dug a number of trenches to a depth of eight feet and while pigs and poultry looked on, were rewarded by thousands of pieces of pottery, and flint, stone, shell, and bone weapons, implements and ornaments. Some necklaces had marine, shell pendants, proof that there had been trade with men coming from a long distance.

The Mound Builders were an unknown race who lived principally in the Ohio and Mississippi River valleys and the Great Lakes region. They constructed thousands of mounds in varied shapes; round, conical; many in the form of men, birds and animals; others in long lines that may have been fortified enclosures. Mounds that have been opened seem to have been for single or family burials. They have contained human bones; copper utensils and bits of pottery interred with the dead to serve his use in the hereafter. The copper had been obtained from prehistoric mining pits which extend along the shore of Lake Superior for more than a hundred miles. In this connection, so many copper utensils and weapons have been picked up on the surface over a wide territory that the people must have discarded them as they suddenly fled to avoid a fate whose nature will never be known. It is an unsolvable mystery of the north country.

The latest excavation of a burial mound to be reported, was near Spiro, Oklahoma, with a WPA grant for funds. Hundreds of uncommon objects have been removed and placed in safe keeping. They were probably in use more than a thousand years ago. Some of them had ceremonial significance. There were eagles two feet high, made of unsmelted copper; sea shells fashioned into gorgets; incised conch shells with intricate designs; decorated pottery; masks of cedar wood inlaid with shell and sheathed with copper; and weapons made of out-of-the-ordinary minerals. Numerous quartz projectile points had been arranged to head in the same direction.

Ancient man was resourceful. He used everything that came to hand. In his case, necessity was indeed "the mother of invention." He lived comfortably for his times; he had unlimited fish, game, vegetables, and fruit; he built fires for warmth and cooking; he had enough household equipment to answer all purposes; he had learned the art of self-defense; he worked out a satisfactory system of trade and barter; he was keen-eyed, quick-footed, deft-fingered, and perhaps human nature has not changed much since his day. We may well ask ourselves what, with all our vaunted civilization, will we leave so that men will know as much about us, twelve, fifteen or twenty thousand years from now.

THE CHILDREN OF FATIMA

MARY FABYAN WINDEATT

Illustrated by Gedge Harmon



In May, 1916, while three little Portuguese children were tending their flocks near Fatima, a bright cloud came towards them, and out of the cloud a figure appeared, saying he was the Angel of Peace, and later the Guardian Angel of Portugal. This was the beginning of a series of apparitions. On May 13, 1917, a beautiful Lady appeared to the same children at Cova de Iria and announced that she would come to them on the 13th of each month until October. During the June apparition she showed them her heart surrounded by the thorns of men's sins and asked them to pray for sinners. She asked for the introduction of the devotion of the First Saturdays, i.e., Confession, Communion, Rosary, and a quarter hour's meditation on the mysteries of the Rosary.

POOOR MARIA ROSA! As the days passed, more and more strangers came to her house. By now it was understood that the learned priest from Lisbon had been much impressed with what had been told him by the three little shepherds, and finally there was scarcely an hour of the day when crowds of friends and strangers were not waiting to see them.

"Lucia, is it true that the lady is going to work a great miracle the next time she comes?" asked one woman eagerly.

"Tell me, Jacinta—is she really the Blessed Virgin?" put in another.

"What about the sick, Francisco?" cried a third. "Are there going to be cures in the Cova as there are at Lourdes?"

The three children answered the stream of questions in an unaffected and matter-of-fact manner.

Yes, the lady was going to work a great miracle on the thirteenth day of October. And she was also going to say who she was, why she had come to the Cova, and what she wanted of the people gathered there. More wonderful still, this time she was going to bring with her two heavenly companions—Saint Joseph and the Child Jesus!

Naturally every newspaper in Portugal continued to be interested in the happenings at Fatima—especially in the children's prophecy that something of a miraculous nature would occur in the Cova on October 13. As the days passed, still more reporters and photographers were sent to the children's home to interview them and to take their pictures. Unbelievers as well as devout men and women followed the Fatima story, and presently thousands of guesses were being made as to the nature of the great miracle.

"Don't you really know what it's going to be, Lucia?" asked Father Ferreira shortly before the important day.

The child shook her head. "No, Father. The lady didn't say. But in August she did tell us that it wouldn't be as great a wonder as she had planned at first. That's because she is still displeased over what the mayor of Ourem did to us."

The parish priest looked closely at the ten-year-old child before him. "Suppose nothing wonderful happens on the thirteenth. Aren't you afraid that people will laugh at you then?"

Lucia smiled. "No, Father."

"But they'll say you're a silly little girl! Think how bad your parents will feel over that!"

The child clasped her hands confidently. "Oh, Father, please don't worry! I *know* something wonderful is going to happen on the thirteenth! The lady told us so."

Repeated questionings could not change Lucia's mind on this score. Francisco and Jacinta were equally convinced that on October 13 there would be a great miracle to prove that the lady really came from heaven and that for some special reason God had permitted her to appear to them six times. And they were not surprised when they discovered on the day before the expected wonder that at least sixty thousand people had descended upon Fatima. Nor were they worried that these people talked openly of the miracle, and that they were prepared to spend the night in the sheep pasture in order to have a good view of the little holm-oak the next morning.

"In the end they'll be glad they came," the children told their families. "Wait and see."

The next morning dawned cold and rainy. By now the crowd had increased to seventy thousand persons, and Lucia's mother was beside herself with anxiety. What a disgrace for the family if the much-talked-of miracle did not occur! How angry and disappointed the great crowd of strangers would be who had spent a wet and chilly night in the Cova!

"The place must be nothing but a sea of mud by now," she thought, "and those poor people soaked to the skin. Oh, Lucia! Are you *very* sure that there is a heavenly lady?"

With tireless patience the child reassured her mother for still another time. Yes, there really was a heavenly lady. And in a little while she would work a miracle for everyone to see.

It was about half-past eleven when the youngsters and their families arrived at the sheep pasture. What a sight greeted their eyes! Huddled under dripping umbrellas were seventy thousand people—cold, muddy, tired. Behind them in an enormous jumble were the wagons, bicycles, automobiles and assorted beasts of burden which had brought them to the Cova. Rosaries were in every hand, and as the little one appeared a thunderous murmur ran through the crowd. Even the unbelievers jerked to attention.

"Make way, everybody! The children are here!"

At once the vast throng fell back, and the three hurried toward the holm-oak, now little more than a bare trunk because so many devout men and women had carried home leaves and twigs as relics.

Glancing briefly at the rain-soaked pilgrims, Lucia ordered that all umbrellas be closed and the Rosary recited by everyone present. Then, heedless of the chilly rain and not at all flustered or self-conscious, she knelt upon the muddy ground to recite the same prayer with Francisco and Jacinta.

There in the cold downpour seventy thousand voices were now raised in honest supplication. People from all walks of life were present, each with some favor to ask the Queen of Heaven. But as noon came and went and the expected wonder did not take place, a feeling of uneasiness crept through the Cova. Perhaps the children had been mistaken! Perhaps the lady wasn't coming after all!

"Little fools! They've really tricked us this time!" cried one man, his patience at an end after nearly twenty-four hours of a wet and chilly vigil. "They said the lady would be here at noon. Well, where is she?"

The words had scarcely left his mouth when Lucia turned a radiant face to the great throng gathered about her. "She's coming! Kneel down, everybody!"

Maria Rosa, kneeling a few feet away, clasped her hands nervously. "Take a good look, child!" she cried. "Don't make any mistake!"

But Lucia was not making any mistake. How could she? An instant before the lady had truly come again, bright and beautiful in her white dress and her mantle edged in burnished gold. Right now she was standing above the barren trunk of the little holm-oak—her eyes grave, her whole bearing that of a person with some deep and secret sorrow.

The crowd could not see the heavenly visitor, but the rapt look on the children's faces as well as the forcefulness in Lucia's voice were convincing proofs that something extraordinary was taking place. So, wet and cold, and with no place to kneel but in the mud, everyone obeyed Lucia's order. And as each heart beat expectantly, there were gasps of astonishment from all sides. A white cloud, seemingly of incense, was coming to rest about the tree! Three times the marvel was repeated, and then the cloud rose a few feet into the air and remained there, motionless. As this happened, the faces of the three children began to shine with an indescribable happiness.

"They must be seeing the lady," the devout on-lookers told one another in awed voices. "And Lucia—yes, she seems to be speaking to her!"

It was true. The ten-year-old girl had always been the spokesman on the occasions of the lady's visits, and now she was losing no time resuming

her role. Looking directly at the heavenly visitor, she asked the first question—one which all Portugal was waiting to have answered.

"Who are you?"

The lady's face was grave. "I am the Lady of the Rosary."

"What do you want?"

"I have come to warn the faithful to change their lives and to ask pardon for their sins. They must not continue to offend Our Lord, already so deeply offended. And they must say the Rosary."

For a moment Lucia considered these words, her heart beating fast with excitement. So the beautiful one who had come to them six times was Our Lady of the Rosary! But before she had a chance for any real reflection, the familiar and beautiful voice was sounding once more:

"I wish to have a chapel built here in my honor as the Lady of the Rosary. And this is the message I promised to bring, Lucia. Tell people that I will answer their prayers and cause the war to end soon if they will change their lives."

The little girl listened carefully, promising to do her best to pass along the new message to others. Then she looked hesitatingly at her heavenly friend. Perhaps now it would be all right to state the various petitions given to her beforehand by anxious friends and neighbors?

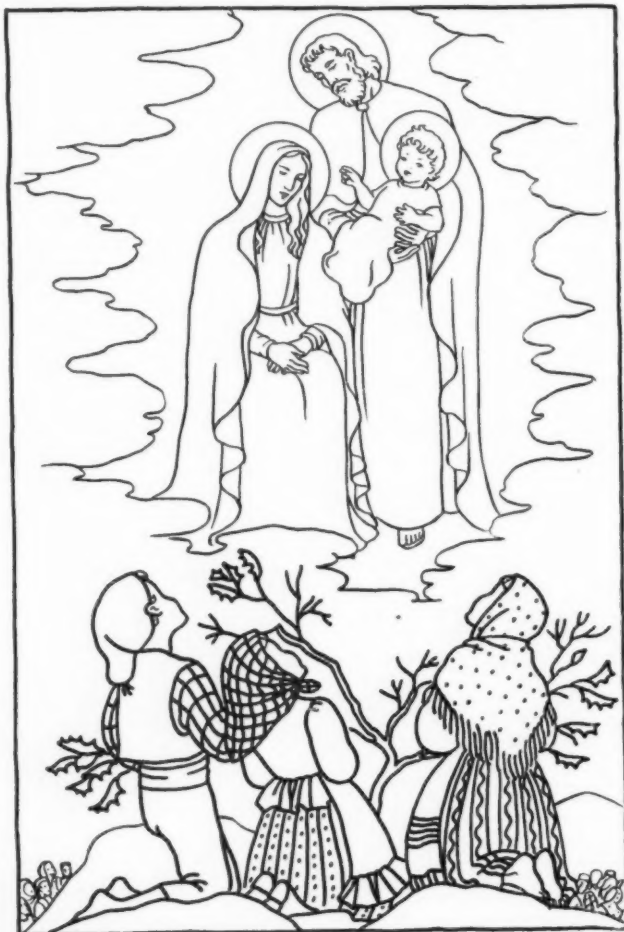
The lady seemed to understand the unspoken plea and to consent to it as well, and so immediately Lucia began her question-

ing. For instance, would a certain poor woman recover her health? Would another woman live to see her son return from the war? Would this family have a plentiful harvest? Would that family sell their farm at a good price?

The lady's replies were brief and to the point. Certain of the petitions would be granted, others refused. And as she looked upon the children, the heavenly one let each understand that this was her last visit with them in the Cova. Yes, she was the Blessed Virgin, and now she had finished the work given her to do by her Divine Son. She had instilled in the hearts of three little shepherds a knowledge of the wonderful power of the Rosary to win graces for souls, as well as a deep love for

it. But this knowledge and this love were not to be kept locked in the hearts of her little friends. No, indeed. They were to be handed on to others, for it was God's Will that loyal Catholics everywhere should know and love this wonderful prayer—should recite it each day, reverently and willingly. If they did so, what splendid graces the Lady of the Rosary would pour out upon them! What untold sorrows would she turn away from their homes!

Presently the children realized that the lady was about to leave them. As usual she was gliding eastwards from above the holm-oak into thin air. But just before she disappeared from view, she raised her hand and pointed



The three little shepherds experienced additional marvels.

to the sun. Not realizing what she did, Lucia excitedly repeated the gesture.

"Look at the sun!" she cried to those kneeling about her.

As the clear, young voice rang through the Cova, all eyes turned heavenwards. Why, wonder of wonders! The rain was over and the sun, hidden for hours by ominous clouds, was now shining in a clear blue sky! But not in its usual form of a dazzling fiery ball. No, this time it resembled a dull silver disc at which anyone could gaze without eyestrain.

A white-haired farmer turned anxiously to his wife. "In all my eighty years I never saw the sun like that," he faltered. "If my eyes are getting bad again. . ."

The latter stretched forth a comforting hand. "No, no! It's the miracle that the children promised. Don't you remember?"

Reassured, the old man nodded slowly—not realizing that in one sense his good wife was mistaken. For this was not the entire miracle, only the beginning of it, and even as the woman was attempting to refresh her husband's memory concerning the children's prophecy, the second part began. Impelled by some mysterious force, suddenly the dull silver disc that was the sun began to whirl in the sky. It was like an unearthly wheel revolving at terrific speed, casting off great shafts of colored light with every turn. Green, red, blue, violet, yellow—the enormous rays shot across the sky at all angles, lighting up the entire countryside but particularly the Cova, where seventy thousand people stood spellbound, their uplifted faces blank with astonishment at this spectacle of a silver sun revolving in a myriad of colored rays.

The wonder lasted three minutes, after which the sun ceased its whirling and the shafts of light disappeared. But just as the crowd was catching its breath and prepared to discuss the marvel, it began again—for a second, then a third time. Soon it seemed that the whole world was on fire, for by now the colored shafts were like flaming swords that slashed across the sky, the mountains, the sheep pasture, the upturned faces of the people—crossing, re-crossing, with never a moment's rest. The sun was also revolving at an even more intense speed. Then suddenly there was a great gasp of terror. *It seemed as though the dull silver disc in the sky was tearing itself from the heavens and was about to crash down upon the mass of people packed together in the Cova!*

"It's the end of the world!" cried one woman hysterically.

"Holy Virgin, protect us!" implored another.

For twelve minutes everyone in the Cova forgot about the three little shepherds, the heavenly lady, the prophecy that something wonderful would take place on October 13. Instead, they were concerned with making Acts of Contrition, with beating their breasts over long-cherished sins, with weeping and groaning. Forgotten also was the muddy sheep pasture, trampled for hours by thousands of feet. Now there was the spectacle of fashionably-dressed men and women from the city kneeling in the mud, tears streaming down their terrified faces, every nerve and muscle tense with dread.

Then, as quickly as it had begun, the wonder came to an end. The sun turned from pale silver to bright gold, and the shafts of colored light faded from the sky. All was normal once more. But as one person looked at another—still shaking, still not sure that the end of the world was not about to occur—there were expressions of astonishment on all sides. Garments soaked by hours of rain had dried perfectly during the course of the twelve minute wonder! And despite the fact that everyone had been kneeling in the mud, both the clothes and their wearers were now free from stain!

"It's another part of the great miracle!" cried someone. "The lady is truly the Blessed Mother to have such care of us!"

"Yes, and there's been a cure, too," called out a second voice. "A woman over here was dying and now she's quite well."

At this, fresh excitement broke forth from all sides. A cure! Oh, how good God was! And His Blessed Mother! But if the people were amazed at these signs just given them to prove that the heavenly lady was real, their amazement knew no bounds when they discovered that the three little shepherds had experienced additional marvels. While the sun had been whirling in the heavens, they had enjoyed a beautiful vision of the Holy Family.

Yes, and there had been even more for Lucia. To her Our Lord had appeared as a grown man dressed in red, accompanied by His Mother, the Lady of Sorrows. Then Our Lady had shown herself to Lucia again—although not garbed as before, or in the garments of dazzling white and gold which she had worn on her other visits in the Cova. No, this time she was dressed in a brown religious habit and held in her hand a scapular of Mount Carmel.

Francisco had seen only the Blessed Mother, in a white dress with a blue mantle, accompanied by Saint Joseph and the Child Jesus, both in red garments.

ECHOES FROM OUR ABBEY HALLS

BOOKS that had lain closed since December 19 were picked up and dusted off anew on January 8 by professors as well as students. The Christmas holidays were at an end and the real work of 1946 was now beginning. The students had returned to the seminary the previous day. With midyear examinations scheduled to be held January 28—February 2, everyone quickly settled down to work in earnest.

However, the strain of the pre-examination days was broken on January 21 by the celebration of our patronal feast of St. Meinrad. As our distinguished guest Celebrant and Preacher at the Pontifical High Mass, we had His Excellency, the Most Rev. William T. Mulloy, D.D., Bishop of Covington, Kentucky. This was His Excellency's first visit to our Abbey Halls since his elevation to the Episcopacy. Though we did not realize it at the time, his visit partook somewhat of the nature of a golden jubilee, for a belated peep into the chronicle revealed that just fifty years before another Bishop of Covington, the Rt. Rev. Camillus Maes, D.D., had been here at St. Meinrad to grace the same occasion. We sincerely hope that good Bishop Mulloy and the several priests of the diocese of Covington who accompanied him enjoyed their visit as much as we enjoyed having them with us. We shall be glad to welcome them back at any time.

With the presence of our distinguished guest on January 21 another less distinguished personage was pushed somewhat into the background. That person was none other than our beloved Brother Benedict Joseph Piers, O.S.B., who on that day marked the fiftieth anniversary of his Profession as a Lay-Brother of the Abbey. But Brother got all the honor that was due him on the following Thursday, January 24. During the Conventual High Mass on that day he was present in the sanctuary and at the

Offertory renewed the vows he had made to Almighty God fifty years before. At noon dinner Brother was the honored guest at the Abbot's table. To the Senior Cleric fell the lot of giving us a short resumé of Brother's past history. He did it in much the following manner:

"No man putting his hand to the plow and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God." Lk. 9:62.

"But he never looked back—not Frank Piers, the plowman who put his hand to the plough once for all on October 20, 1894, when he boarded the Southern train at New Albany, Ind., that brought him all the way to Johnsburg, Ind., the farthest the train could penetrate towards St. Meinrad in those days. We next find the young aspirant at the Abbey portals, where he was immediately granted entrance by the Brother Porter and not subjected to the patience-testing 'gate-trial' referred to in the Rule of St. Benedict. His endurance at the gate was to be tried later when he himself became Porter. The confusion caused by there being three Candidates with the name Frank soon subsided with the Investiture and new names. Finally a permanent end was put to such trouble when Father Prior Benno, O.S.B., received their vows at the 5:15 o'clock Mass on January 21, 1896. Young Frank Piers on that day became Brother Benedict Joseph. But to those who did not fully subscribe to the strict observance of the Holy Rule (which forbids shortening names as well as the use of nicknames), he soon became known by an appellation rather reminiscent of a musical instrument than a sainted patron. The good Brother Ben-Jo, as he was called for the sake of euphony and dispatch, now began gradually working his way through a varied round of duties. For one week he was a carpenter. Then he went to the kitchen as assistant to Brother Oswald, the chief-cook. But when some of the kitchen master's pet rabbits and cats began to diminish inversely to their mathematical ten-

dency, Brother Oswald demanded that the cutlery and butcher appurtenances be left completely to his jurisdiction. Brother Ben-Jo's art for tidiness was then put to good use in the post of assistant caretaker of the house. Shortly afterwards on doctor's orders he was given outside work, such as tending the orchard and assisting in the garden. On February 2, 1903, our good jubilarian was given a temporary appointment for the week as Porter, or Door-Keeper. The week over, the job was extended to a month. In 1928 we see him celebrating his silver jubilee at this temporary appointment. And in 1953 one might dial 44 on the Abbey phone to congratulate good Brother Benedict Joseph on the golden jubilee of his presiding at the Abbey information center."

By birth, Brother is a native of Clark County, Indiana, having first seen the light of day there in a humble farm home on November 9, 1876. When he was five years of age the family moved to northwestern Missouri, and from thence to Arkansas. The Arkansas sojourn was followed by a short one in Texas before the family returned to Indiana in 1892. A few years later, after the death of his mother, Frank Piers came to St. Meinrad to dedicate his life to God. And it is this dedication that we commemorated in Brother Benedict Joseph's golden jubilee on January 24! It will be for him an extension of merit, and for us a cherished blessing, if God will grant to him our wish of many more years of faithful service in the service of Our Lord.

THOUGH January was replete with days of festivity and rejoicing, it closed with a note of sadness occasioned by the death of our venerable Father Eugene Spiess, O.S.B., on January 29. Father Eugene, a native of Brooklyn, N. Y., was born December 14, 1871. At the age of 18, after a visit from the Rt. Rev. Fintan Mund-

wiler, O.S.B., Abbot of St. Meinrad, he set out for Indiana to take up studies for the Benedictine priesthood. On July 12, 1891, he was invested as a novice, and on July 17 of the following year made his profession as a member of the Abbey. At the completion of his philosophical studies in 1894, he was sent to study at the International Benedictine College of Sant' Anselmo at Rome, Italy. There he was ordained to the holy priesthood on June 12, 1897, and on the following day offered his first holy Mass at St. Peter's Basilica. After his return from Rome, Father Eugene was assigned as professor at Jasper College, Jasper, Ind., a school under the direction of the Benedictine Fathers from St. Meinrad. In 1904 he left this position to take up pastoral work in the diocese of Louisville. For many years he served as pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Owensboro, Ky. In October, 1921, he relinquished this post to go south for his health. Shortly thereafter, the Most Rev. Emmanuel B. Ledvina, D.D., a close friend of Father Eugene who had just been consecrated Bishop of Corpus Christi, Texas, prevailed upon him to accept the position of Vicar General of his diocese, and later that of Chancellor. However, his health continued poorly and in 1925 he had to resign these posts of responsibility. Two years later he was made temporary chaplain for the Benedictine Sisters at Elizabeth, New Jersey. Since the early 1930's he has been in retirement at the Abbey. During these years he was a frequent contributor to the GRAIL, and many of his articles have made their appearance in its pages. In his conversations he loved to reminisce on his Roman days and the various contacts he had had with the late Supreme Pontiffs. At Christmas time he went to bed with pneumonia. Though he survived this attack, he kept to his bed until his death, for a still more ravaging malady was at work within him, namely cancer. Surrounded by a goodly number of his confreres reciting the prayers for the dying, and fortified by the Sacrament of



Father Eugene Spiess, O.S.B.

Extreme Unction, he peacefully yielded up his soul to God at about 9:30 A.M., January 29. May he rest in peace!

THE ABBEY'S interest in the problems of the local rural population is strikingly manifested at the annual Harrison Township Farmers' Institute. This year the Institute was held in the College Assembly Hall on January 29-30. To Brother Timothy is due great praise for the beautiful stage setting he designed and painted with a view to creating a perfect atmos-

phere for the meeting. The scene—God Almighty hovering over the hills of Southern Indiana—was in keeping with Father Abbot's address of welcome in which he stressed the words of holy scripture: "Without Me you can do nothing." A special feature of the program was a one-act play presented by a number of the Brothers. This production was highly praised by all. The Institute itself was pronounced the most successful in the history of this farm movement.

SILENCE reigned supreme throughout the Abbey Halls during the week of February 3rd. It was Retreat Week at St. Meinrad. First to lay aside their daily round of duties for a week of communing with God were the monks. They were followed shortly by the students of both Major and Minor Seminaries as well as those at the Oblate School. While Father Servace Ritter, O.F.M., conducted the spiritual exercises for the monastic community, his confrere, Father Richard Kiemen, O.F.M., did a like work in the Minor Seminary. As their Retreat Master the Major Seminary had the Very Rev. Otto Boenki, P.S.M. Our own Father Walter Sullivan, O.S.B., gave the retreat to the Oblates.

Father Cyril Succumbs

AS THE monks listened to their Retreat Master in his last conference on Friday afternoon describing the entrance of a faithful soul into the eternal happiness of heaven, little did they realize that during that very night one of their own number would have that blessed experience. Death came as a thief in the early morning hours of February 9 to rob us of Father Cyril Gaul, O.S.B. Though Father had been suffering from angina pectoris and knew that death might come upon him fairly suddenly, yet his passing was a shock to the community. The previous afternoon he had been with us to close the annual retreat, to receive the

plenary indulgence connected with the Papal Blessing at the end of the retreat, and to renew his vows. He was present at supper, at spiritual reading, and at Compline. After Compline he did a little work and then went to bed, but evidently did not sleep well. Towards midnight he had an attack and summoned his neighbor by knocking on the wall of his room. The Father Infirmarian was called, and he in turn summoned Father Abbot. Since Father Cyril's condition seemed serious, he was anointed by Father Abbot at 12:45, while fully conscious. In fifteen minutes he was dead. Not in vain had he offered his holy Mass on Friday morning—his last

Mass—in honor of St. Joseph for a happy death.

Father Cyril was born at Alton, Iowa, on March 25, 1884. A son of a carpenter, he was the fifth in a family of fourteen children, six of whom survive him. His early education was received at Granville and Bancroft, Iowa. Then, after completing but one year of high school, he went to work. But in 1903 he returned to his books as a student

for the priesthood at St. Meinrad. Professed as a member of the Abbey on September 8, 1909, he was ordained a priest on May 27, 1915. Since that time his assignments at the Abbey have been many. Gifted in many ways and an indefatigable worker, he was constantly finding new outlets for his energies. In his thirty-one years as professor in the seminary he was called upon to teach Church History, Introduction

to Sacred Scripture, Exegesis, Liturgy, American and Modern History, Civics, and for shorter periods Ancient History, Patrology, German and Natural Science. At the time of his death he was rounding out his thirty-first year as professor of Church History, his thirtieth of Introduction to Sacred Scripture and his eighteenth of Modern History.

To his work in the class room, Father Cyril added during the years 1916-1919 and 1930-1940 the office of Custodian of the Abbey Church and Sacristy, and from 1915-1943 that of Master of Ceremonies. In 1930 he became Consultor and Secretary of the Abbey Chapter for a period of four years, and at the same time Vice-Rector of the Major Seminary, a position which he held until he became Managing Editor of the *GRAIL* in 1937. Since their inception in 1928 he has been the guiding spirit behind the *St. Meinrad Historical Essays*, a quarterly published by the seminarians. When the *National Catholic Biblical Quarterly* was begun in 1939, he became its first Publishing Editor. During the past year he has been serving as Vice-President of the Catholic Biblical Association of America, and at the time of his death was active as Chairman of the association's Committee on Diffusion of Biblical Knowledge.

A striking proof that his special interest in the *St. Meinrad Alumni* was well appreciated was had on the day of burial. Despite the inclement weather no fewer than eighty visiting priests and monsignori were present for his funeral services. At the Pontifical Mass of Requiem celebrated by Father Abbot, the Most Rev. Joseph E. Ritter, Archbishop of Indianapolis, assisted from the throne. After the Mass the Most Rev. Archbishop paid high tribute to Father Cyril and his work and then gave the final Absolution. Because of the rain burial did not take place until late in the afternoon of February 13. May he rest in peace!

Though its members may grow old and pass into eternity one by one, a



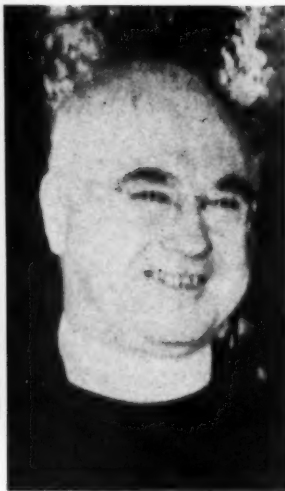
Father Cyril, whose passing to his eternal reward is chronicled on this page, was Managing editor of *THE GRAIL* from 1937 to 1941. It is to his energetic management that *THE GRAIL* owes its survival after the years of depression threatened to reduce it to extinction. Even after relinquishing the management to accept other duties, Father Cyril continued to show a great interest in its fortunes and to help frequently with constructive criticism. R.I.P.



Edward Cardinal Mooney,
Detroit



Samuel Cardinal Stritch,
Chicago



Francis Cardinal Spellman,
New York



John Cardinal Glennon,
St. Louis

(All photos through Pavelka.)

religious community can remain perpetually young because of the new life blood that is constantly being added. On February 9 we had the happiness of seeing four young men step forward to help fill the gaps left in the ranks by the four recent deaths in our community. The four aspirants who were invested with the holy habit and admitted to the Lay-Brother Novitiate by Father Abbot on February 9 were: William Wine of Louisville, Ky., Thomas Brune of Indianapolis, Ind., Norman Jeffords of Niagara Falls, N. Y., and Alexander Otto of Fairport Harbor, Ohio. On the following day, February 10, Br. Nov. John Brokamp of Cincinnati, Ohio, made his triennial vows and received as his name in religion that of Brother Marion. Already Brother has been appointed to a big job, that of Abbey Sacristan, to succeed Brother Albert Heinz. On February 4 Brother Albert began a course in nursing at the Alexian Brothers' Hospital, Chicago, Ill. At the completion of his studies he will become Assistant Infirmarian here at the Abbey.

Our Lady Walks in Russia

A few readers have expressed themselves rather violently on the story in the February *GRAIL* by the title "Our Lady Walks in Russia." We should like to say that *THE GRAIL* is not a propaganda sheet for Communism and does not sympathize in any way with the Soviet Government of Russia. But neither does it seem right to condemn entirely the *people* of a country which has the misfortune to have a godless government. In keeping with Our Blessed Mother's solicitude for Russia, as shown in her request for prayers for that unhappy country when she appeared to the Portuguese children of Fatima, and in accordance with Our Holy Father's action in consecrating Russia to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, this story was written to advance the very real lesson coming out of Russia, viz., that no government can succeed in crushing religion out of the heart of a people. Mary kneeling at the tomb of Lenin is not kneeling there because of any respect for that ruler, but she is at

the side of the peasants so misled by their rulers as to be compelled to honor atheistic leaders. Russia in her more free days was devoted to Mary, the Mother of Christ, and it is not like the Mother of God to abandon that country now in its hour of greatest need. Had Judas taken recourse to Mary he might have saved himself, as the child attendant at the Passion play so dramatically reminded the audience. It is not wrong to suppose that Mary was interested in Judas and hoped for his conversion even after his dastardly crime. If anyone thinks the *GRAIL* supports the cause of Russia, let him read the excellent articles by Mr. H. C. McGinnis in this and the February *GRAILS*. But we remind our readers that the Church prays for Russia, and that we have been asked to pray for Russia. Only prayer on a very high plane can save the world from the evils of godless imperialism, such as the Holy Father condemned in his address at the Consistory in Rome, February 22.

BROTHER MEINRAD HELPS

Kindly accept my offering in thanksgiving for the speedy recovery of my friend... Our Dear Saviour certainly did wonders for my friend. M. D. (N. Y.)

Thanks to Brother Meinrad I underwent a successful operation and feel very much better. A. V. (N. Y.)

Relief from a severe headache came after I promised to send for the picture of Brother Meinrad and to pray frequently for his canonization. K. W. (Pa.)

The family was worried about father, who had left for a distant city, as we had not heard from him. I asked Brother Meinrad to get us word within three hours. An hour and a half later father called from a hospital. L. S. (Kansas).

My husband had pneumonia and the doctor was uneasy about him, as he seemed not to improve. When THE GRAIL came I read about Brother Meinrad and at once applied the picture of Brother to my sleeping husband. When he awoke he was much improved and his recovery from that time on was rapid. G. M. (Penna.)

Our crops were still in the fields when the ground froze. I asked Brother Meinrad and Rose Ferron to help us gather them. We got all but a very small portion in without much difficulty despite the prolonged rains. M. K. (Mo.)

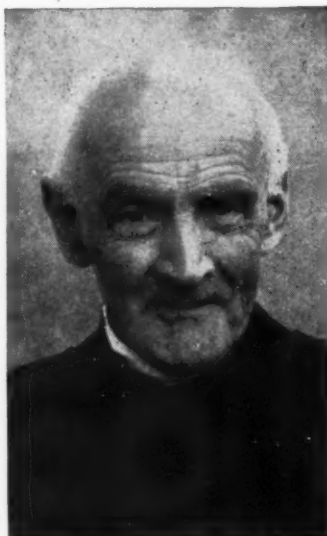
Enclosed find check which I promised Brother Meinrad if he would locate tax receipts which were lost in the Collector's office for more than two months and were urgently needed. They were returned to me this morning. M. D. (Fla.)

I promised Brother Meinrad a Mass to be offered for his beatification if he granted me a very special favor. I am very glad to report the favor was granted in a few days. L. G. (N. Y.)

Our automobile was stolen on the night of Dec. 28. I promised a Mass for canonization of Brother Meinrad if it were recovered. We got it back last night with very little damage. M. L. (Ky.)

Thanks to Brother Meinrad that our son received a special appointment and other favors. C. H. H. (Tenn.)

Our little boy had pneumonia and the doctor gave us no hope for his



The Servant of God, Brother Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B., was a member of Maria Einsiedeln Abbey in Switzerland. There he died in 1926 highly respected by his confreres for his virtuous life. His cause for beatification has been introduced at Rome, and THE GRAIL is the chosen organ for bringing his cause to the knowledge of American Catholics. A picture of Brother Meinrad and a prayer for his canonization may be procured by sending a stamped and self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Jerome Palmer, O.S.B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

MONTHLY NOVENA

15th to 23rd

All who wish their petitions or intentions prayed for, please send them in to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana before the 15th of the month. A Novena of Masses will be offered each month for the glorification and canonization of Brother Meinrad and for all the intentions sent in.

In order to make Brother Meinrad better known a booklet of stamps to be used on envelopes and packages can be obtained for ten cents from THE GRAIL, ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA.

recovery. I promised an offering for the beatification of Brother Meinrad if he recovered. He did recover. H. V. (Ind.)

Brother Meinrad found us a good house. It is a wonderful place. A. A. (Ohio)

I had almost given up hope that my prayers would be answered, but at the last minute my hopes were fulfilled. Brother Meinrad is really a wonder-worker. This is only one of many favors received through his intercession. W. K. (Ill.)

Some of the favors I have received seem almost miraculous. E. A. S. (Ind.)

Two favors have been granted—the sale of a difficult piece of property and sufficient financial support for a relative. M. S. (Ohio)

My son was in a serious accident. A motorist at high speed went through a signal and hurtled our son's car thirty-five feet through the air against a building. The car was completely demolished, but the x-ray showed no broken bones for our son. He had no cuts. S. J. D. (Calif.)

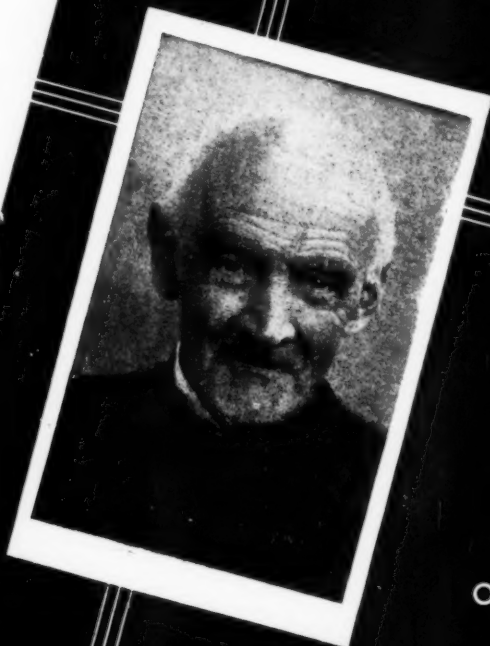
...I was given a year and a half to live. That was six years ago. I give credit to Brother Meinrad for my health... R. S. (Ind.)

Favors are acknowledged by the following persons: "A client" (Ind.); M.L.T. (Ind.); R.C.W. (Ga.); B.K. (N.Y.); P.T.P. (Mass.); F.H. (Iowa); H.D. (Okla.); M.M. (Ill.); M.H. (Ind.); "B" (Ky.); C.S. (Ind.); J.P.R. (Kansas); E.W. (Ind.); S.A.E. (Ind.); "A Friend" (Ind.); A.B. (Ind.); W.P.O'S (Ind.); E.N. (Miss.).

Other acknowledgments came from: M.A.R. (Ind.); J.R. (D.C.); M.K. (Ind.); U.S. (Ark.); R.C.S. (Ind.); A.W.M. (Mich.); A.J.R. (Ill.); C.T. (Ill.); W.G.K. (Ind.); J.M. (Conn.); F.K. (Penna.); P.F.M. (Penna.); O.T.S. (Mo.); M.S. (Ohio); A Petitioner (Ind.); G.S. (Penna.); J.D. (Okla.); H.D. (Okla.); M.S. (Penna.); M.D. (Mich.); L.S. (Wis.); A.H.S. (Penna.); D.E.C. (Mass.); K.M. (Mich.); J.R.A. (Ind.); L.V. (Ohio); M.T.B. (Ind.); E.F.D. (Texas); F.H. (Iowa); F.O'C. (Calif.); A subscriber (Ky.)

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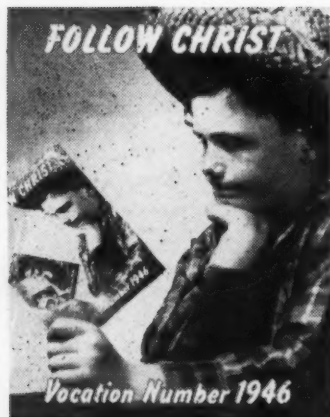


The
Servant
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The Grail
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The Apostolic Process, preliminary to the final stages of the honors of the altar, is expected to be opened in Rome this spring. Pictures, stamps, and this pamphlet, life of the Servant of God, may be obtained from THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.



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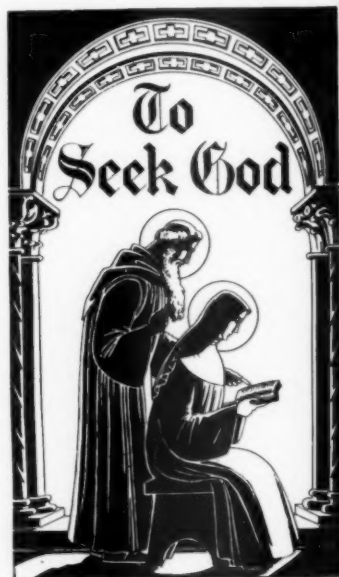
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